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Dominion Churchman.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1877.

THE WEEK.

OSMAN Pasha is the most distinguished of the Turkish generals in Europe, for ability and efficiency. The hitherto invincible defender of Plevna was born at Armassia, in Asia Minor, in 1832-3, and educated in the military school of Constantinople. He has never been in any country of Europe except European Turkey, but speaks French. He is tall, of spare figure, and of delicate health—is active and attentive to duty. His manners are very agreeable. A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who was lately at Plevna, is full of admiration for Ghazi Osman. He says he cannot find words to express the demeanor of this remarkable man: "Looking after everything himself, for he trusts to nobody, even the supplies of ammunition, the commissariat stores, and the medicines; receiving telegrams and messages from every part of the field continually, and while engaged in trying to out-manceuvre a numerous and wily enemy, he sat on a little stool, with a lead-pencil behind his ear or stuck under the edge of his fez, with his field glasses in his hand and a cigarette in his mouth, as cool and collected as though he had been listening to a lecture on the Arctic regions, with illustrations. I could not but admire Osman commanding nearly 60,000 men in a most complex situation. He never for an instant spoke or acted hastily, maintaining his extraordinary coolness throughout the thirteen hours of the battle, without an instant's change."

Stanley is reported as having arrived at Cape Town on the 21st ult. We shall therefore in all probability soon receive further interesting news of the great traveler's discoveries; and there is no doubt that there remain enough of philanthropists in the regions usually considered civilized to require from the adventurous and intrepid traveler a full justification of his massacre of native tribes, which his own account at the time conveyed the impression were of a somewhat wanton character.

The funeral of the late Chief Justice Draper took place in Toronto, on Tuesday, the 5th. The last token of respect we are able to show to our departed friends and acquaintances could not take place with reference to so eminent a member of the Judiciary without being attended by a large concourse of people. His remains were conveyed at an early hour from Hazeldean, his residence in Yorkville, to Osgoode Hall, where they lay in state till they were taken to St. James's Church. For many hours before the procession started, a large multitude of persons had assembled. The vestibule of the Hall was draped with black, and the whole presented the sombre appearance so fitting to the occasion. Floral offerings covered the coffin lid; and the rich crown, the cross, interwoven with white flowers and everlastings,

the costly wreath—all testified to the respect and esteem which were felt for so great an ornament to the legal profession. The coffin bore the simple inscription, "William Henry Draper. Died November 2, 1877. Aged 76 years, and seven months." At 2.30 the procession to St. James's began. It consisted of the chief mourners, then the Clergy, Judges, Senators, Members of Parliament, Queen's Counsel and Barristers, and then by a vast crowd of citizens. On arriving at the Church, the Dean of Toronto read the Funeral Service—the Bishop of Toronto and the clergy being present. After the Lesson was read, Handel's Dead March, adapted to an anthem, was given with wonderfully solemn effect. The funeral procession then re-formed and proceeded up Jarvis, Carleton, and Parliament Streets to St. James's Cemetery, where the concluding part of the Service was read by the Dean, and all that is mortal of the late Chief Justice was deposited in its last resting place. On Sunday last the Dean of Toronto preached his funeral sermon, which was listened to with much attention by a large congregation.

In France the *crisis* is rather increasing than otherwise; so much so indeed that it is reported all the other great Powers have advised MacMahon to be conciliatory. It is also stated that when the Minister of Finance introduces the Budget, a deputy of the Right will propose four principal direct taxes to be voted independently of the Budget. And it is further believed that if the Chamber refuses to vote these taxes, a vote for dissolution will be asked in the Senate; and should the dissolution be granted, as the supporters of the Government believe it will be, MacMahon will submit the question of his resignation to the people in a kind of plebiscite. The President's party claim that there will be a majority of fifteen or twenty for the dissolution. Should this take place, the result may create an immense excitement. A considerable amount of anxiety is felt on account of the violent manner in which an inquiry has been made into the conduct of the Cabinet in connection with the recent elections.

The latest news from Plevna up to the 13th, reports heavy fighting going on in the neighborhood for a couple of days; and the despatch from Constantinople claims the result so far to be in favor of the Turks. The Turks are said to have made two attacks on Skobeloff's position. This is an entrenched hill, which Skobeloff surprised on Friday with loss of 250 men. A second attempt was made by the Turks to recover it. Osman Pasha's losses are estimated at two and three hundred daily from the Russian artillery. He is constructing fresh fortifications which are believed to point to an intention to hold out as long as possible rather than attempt a sortie. Deserters and prisoners agree in stating that the Turks have six weeks' provisions. It is further stated that the participa-

tion of Servia in the war has been decided on, and that a proclamation to the army has been issued to that effect.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

AS, this year, there will be twenty-six Sundays after Trinity, the rubric at the end of the Gospel for the twenty-fifth Sunday will apply: "If there be any more Sundays before Advent Sunday, the service of some of those Sundays that were omitted after the Epiphany shall be taken in to supply so many as are here wanting. And if there be fewer, the overplus may be omitted: Provided that this last Collect, Epistle, and Gospel shall always be used upon the Sunday next before Advent." According to this direction, there are three services of the Sundays after the Epiphany which were omitted—the fourth, fifth, and sixth—from which a choice may be made. These Sundays were anciently called *Dominicae Vagantes*, and there was a very old rule respecting the services on these days, which was that if there are two of them, the services for the fifth and sixth Sundays after the Epiphany should be used; and if only one, those for the sixth Sunday. It will be observed that these have been constructed with a decided reference to their appropriate use on the Sunday next but one to Advent.

The gospel is that part of the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew where the Lord warns His disciples against being deceived by false Christs and false prophets, a great number of which appeared before the destruction of Jerusalem. And having alluded in most impressive terms to the calamity then about to begin to descend upon the Jewish people, he considers the tribulation as going down with the Israelitish race until it could be said: "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light. . . . And then shall appear the Son of Man in the Heavens." The generation or race was to be miraculously preserved, so that it should not pass away till all these things be fulfilled.

The whole discourse seems to have been suggested by the disciples calling the Lord's attention to the magnificent structures which together formed the Temple. They were all so goodly, so solid, so glorious and beautiful—all built of the finest white marble, that when the sun shone on them they looked, from a distance, like a mountain of shining snow. And they were all apparently made for eternity. They promised a long future of splendour and prosperity. But the Lord dashed to the ground all these prospects of future glory by His one declaration: "Verily, I say unto you there shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." And this was to be preceded by great political troubles, by the appearance of false messiahs, while his own followers were

to be dreadfully persecuted. One thing however was to be secured, namely, the Gospel of the Kingdom was to be preached through all the world as a witness among all nations before the end should come.

The question may be asked, Were all these stupendous events to take place before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus? No doubt, in a certain sense and to a certain extent, they were, but only in a modified and imperfect way. There is very probably a great deal of truth in the principle enunciated by Lord Bacon, that the prophecies of Holy Scriptures have a germinant accomplishment; that, at first, they are fulfilled in a lower sense, imperfectly and partially, and afterwards in all their fulness and completeness. As, for instance, in the prophecy of Malachi, respecting Elijah the prophet, who was to appear on earth before the great and terrible day of the Lord should come. The Lord, in speaking of John the Baptist, referred to him as the Elias which was to come. He had appeared in the spirit and power of that ancient prophet; and, in a partial and imperfect sense, he had fulfilled the prophetic announcement. But, without a doubt, the sublime prophecy of Malachi will receive a more perfect accomplishment when the noble Tishbite shall again appear on earth to usher in the glory of Messiah's reign, which shall be from sea to sea, and shall include the entire race of Adam. And so the Saviour, in speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, connects with it His second coming. His thought passed from the nearer judgment upon Jerusalem to a sterner and more awful judgment of which it was the merest shadow. When He is speaking, each of these events is still future, and they are, as St. Chrysostom puts it, like two ranges of distant mountains, one behind another, whose horizons seem to the eye of a distant spectator to form but one single line, and whose real distinctness is apparent only when you approach them, or rather when you have passed the first of the two ranges. The command to flee to the mountains at the approach of the hostile armies could only refer to the destruction of the Holy City and Temple; while the prediction of the Son of Man appearing in the clouds of Heaven, to be seen and known of all men, can only allude to an event not yet come to pass. And so the magnificent picture, given in the twenty-fifth chapter, can only refer to the general judgment.

THE RECENT CONFERENCE AND CONVENTION.

THE Diocesan Conference and the Sunday School Convention for the Archdeaconry of York were formally opened by the Lord Bishop of Toronto, on Tuesday the 6th inst., and we are glad to be able to state that they were both as successful as could have been anticipated. The addresses were remarkably instructive, and the discussions were most of them particularly interesting. The unfavorable state of the weather prevented a great many of our friends in the country from attending. Indeed the success of the entire

arrangements was so marked that we should be fully justified in adopting the original proposal to have a Diocesan Conference and a meeting of the Synod in alternate years. The subjects discussed were of such importance they they cannot be too frequently brought before our people in such a way as to admit of the consideration which takes place at a Church Conference or Congress.

His Lordship the Bishop gave the opening address with great ability and carefulness. His remarks in reference to religious education were particularly impressive. After alluding to the love of offspring, which belongs to the whole of animated nature, he says: "But with the Christian the natural love which is here so forcibly indicated implies surely more than a concern for the passing interests and the temporal comforts of his child. For himself, he looks beyond the boundaries of this transitory world; on his own behalf he contemplates more than the short lived joys of earth—more than the passing welfare of his fleshly tabernacle so soon to be dissolved. And shall not these exalted views and glorious hopes be felt and cherished for those most dear to him? Shall not his contemplations of the bright and happy heaven which the Redeemer's blood hath purchased, embrace at least the little flock who cluster round the fireside at home, and who constitute the best and purest of his earthly joys and hopes? Could the contemplation of the comforts of religion and of the blessedness of Heaven be consistent with that selfish, solitary spirit which would exclude from the perfectness of that peace and joy the "little ones" that are so precious to him? If, then, instead of waiting to be aroused to action and to industry by their importunate cries for temporal sustenance, it is the parent's custom to anticipate them all; if nothing short of the sternest necessity ever allows him to hear those touching appeals for the supply of the body's wants: shall he not be found to anticipate as promptly the supplication for the soul's necessities—the earnest petition against that destroyer's wiles, whose only recompense for his fearful service is eternal death? . . . Grant that, in the language of the world's notions, 'knowledge is power,' to what does it all amount? Standing by itself, alone and separate in its influence, it is the ability of doing more, either of good or evil, than by untaught men; a curse in the one case, if a blessing in the other—a curse in the hands of the selfish and ambitious, an agency for a more widespread mischief, an engine for the overthrow of social subordination and peace, an instrument for the devastation and misery of nations. This, without the controlling power of religion, must follow. . . . We must, then, confess how necessary it is to have a religious direction, a sanctifying power annexed to the culture of the human mind and heart: how necessary to give to both the training and discipline which will draw them off from earthly, sensual things, and bind them to those which are heavenly and eternal. It is, indeed, their vocation; it is the duty pledged on their behalf from the baptismal hour. . . . What, let us ask, is

the position of the ordinary soldier? Is he left without discipline and instruction? Is he unprovided with armour? Does he go forth with no resources but his own against the combination of foes he is to meet, and fight with?

"And is the christian soldier to be less provided, less instructed, less trained for his even harder conflicts? Is God's dedicated child to go forth to his earthly warfare without the preparation and discipline that fit him for the struggle, without the inculcation of that strong sense of moral responsibility and religious training without which, in his strivings for the prize of his high calling, he would be so weak and powerless?"

"We are not, in this land of divided religious opinion, to expect the alliance of the State with the energies of the Church in achieving this great boon, and the public blessing that would follow it; though it is certainly in the power of the State to contribute more in this direction that it has ever undertaken to supply. Public opinion, we are persuaded, would soon come into accord with a provision that in our Common Schools two afternoons in each week should be assigned to religious instruction undertaken by competent teachers, results would soon be apparent that would remove the stigma of 'godless' from the education provided by the State.

We cannot, however, allow ourselves, to wait for the realization of this hope. We must avail ourselves energetically of what is actually in our power; we must use faithfully such agencies for this purpose as we can command. If our Sunday schools, with a few exceptional instances, are all that are now available for implanting and fostering the growth of religious principles in the young, to these it is our duty to impart all the efficiency that we can. Sunday schools, too, have now a history; and this enables us to affirm that the benefits achieved far and wide through their agency are not to be confuted. It would be no exaggeration to say that millions of children have there received a moral and religious instruction, which, through the blessing of God, has laid the foundation of a holy and religious life, and, as we shall believe and hope, of a happy eternity. It will be admitted that is impossible for the clergy single handed to communicate the religious instruction in its minute details, which is sought to be imparted in our Sunday schools; consequently recourse must be had in a large degree to the assistance of lay instructors. And does not this fact authoritatively call upon them to render this assistance? Our beloved lay brethren are doubtless fully sensible of the weight of responsibility that is thus laid upon them. They must feel that, in being required to give an account of their stewardship of all God's gifts, they have to include much more in this than the worldly goods which God had given them. They must feel that they have all an account to render of their time and talents, of their means and opportunities of advancing God's kingdom by bringing souls to Christ. And none can forget the condemnation of those who 'stand all the day idle,' when so much is to be done.

in the vineyard; so much for training our little ones in 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord.'

His Lordship then adverted to the beneficial influence exerted by the Church Congress held in the Mother Land for the last seventeen years, and expressed a hope that our modest efforts here would be attended with similar benefits, and would result in a greater work in time to come. "We may hope," said his Lordship, "that through these free and kindly deliberations, the integrity of Christian truth will be more faithfully upheld, and that the principles of order and discipline which guide us as churchmen will gain a wider approval and a deeper respect. Churchmen, too, who are on fundamental appoints agreed, will through these friendly discussions better learn tolerance, if it cannot be agreement, on those less weighty topics upon which Churchmen have all along allowed themselves, without estrangement or unkindness, to differ." The Bishop concluded by quoting the words of one of the speakers at the late Church Congress in England:—"How insignificant are the points on which we differ compared with those on which we are one! Just as the bottom of the sea is always there, even when least visible, so, beneath the apparent differences of all who are Christians, lies the immense unity of one body, one spirit, one hope, one calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all."

We purpose giving in full the several addresses delivered at the Convention. Copies of each paper can be supplied separately in pamphlet form, if desired, at the rate of four dollars per hundred. Orders must be sent in at once, as no more will be printed than the amount of orders received.

CHURCH MUSIC.

THE great LEEDS TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL was opened on the 19th September, in the Town Hall, with a performance of "Elijah." The distribution of the principal solo music was similar to that of previous occasions, a special feature having been the exquisite singing of Madame Albani in the soprano music of the second part, as at the recent Gloucester Festival. In the oratorio, as in subsequent instances during the Festival, the chorus singing was especially fine. On Thursday evening Handel's "Solomon" was given, the effects of the orchestral score being powerfully augmented by the additional accompaniments of Sir Michael Costa. Here were opportunities for the display of the fine singing of the Yorkshire choristers, some of the choruses (double and single) in "Solomon" being comparable in beauty and grandeur with those of any other oratorio of Handel. Admirably sung as they were at Leeds, they produced a very great effect. The "Nightingale Chorus" had to be repeated. Friday brought forward the speciality of the festival—the new oratorio, "Joseph," composed expressly for the occasion by Professor G. A. Macfarren. It is only lately that this gentleman has undertaken the production of

sacred music in the highest form—that of the oratorio—first by his "Saint John the Baptist," and recently by "The Resurrection," produced at last year's Birmingham Festival. The text of "Joseph" has been selected from the Holy Scriptures by Dr. Monk, organist of York cathedral. The work consists of two parts, the scene of the first being laid in Canaan, that of the second in Egypt. In the former the leading incidents illustrated are: The peacefulness of pastoral life—disturbed by the jealousy of Joseph's brethren—their conspiracy to destroy him—his life spared by Reuben—approach of the Ishmaelites—they purchase Joseph from his brethren—his farewell to his country—the false report of his death brought to Jacob, and the attempt of his sons and daughters to comfort him. The second part deals with: The pomp of Pharaoh's court—he relates his dreams—the failure of the wise men to interpret them—Joseph is brought from prison, expounds them, and is installed as governor with great splendor—description of the years of plenty and famine—first interview between Joseph and his brethren—he requires them to produce Benjamin—they return to Canaan, and Reuben persuades Jacob to allow Benjamin to accompany them—second interview between Joseph and his brethren in the presence of the house of Pharaoh, when he makes himself known to them—arrival of Jacob and all his family—retrospective sketch of the story from Psalm cv. "Joseph" consists of thirty-five pieces for solo voices and chorus, preceded by an overture. In this prelude some of the leading themes of the oratorio are skilfully introduced, serving to foreshadow the musical interest and to give an effect of completeness to the whole work. As in the Professor's other oratorios, the choruses are the portions in which generally he has been most successful. Of this we may specify the chorus of shepherds, "O, praise God;" "Honor thy Father and thy mother," "A voice was heard in Ramah," and, "O Lord, have mercy upon us." Among the special features of the solo music were the duet (with chorus), "Commit thy way unto the Lord," sung by Mdle Albani and Madame Patey; the soprano song, "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of the world," and the solo, "I will open my mouth," both admirably sung by Mdle Albani; the song, "Let us not kill him," well rendered by Mr. Lloyd; and the duet, "Joseph I love thee," by Mr. Santley and Signor Foli. The oratorio was conducted by the composer's brother, Mr. Walter Macfarren, conductor of the Royal Academy of Music. The applause was great throughout, three pieces having been *encored*, and at the close the composer was called forward.

On Saturday morning the festival was closed by the performance of three great works of different periods, and of very opposite styles. First in the programme was Bach's "Magnificat" in D—one of many pieces which the composer produced for Catholic church service, in addition to his still more numerous works composed for his own form of faith, the Lutheran. Bach's "Mag-

nificat" contains passages—particularly in the choral portions—of grandeur and science analagous to similar manifestations in his "Passions-musik," and the great mass in B minor. The chorus singing in the "Magnificat" again displayed the excellence of the Yorkshire choristers. The "Magnificat" was followed by Mozart's "Requiem," the last great work of the composer—produced, indeed, literally when on his deathbed. With Beethoven's oratorio, "The Mount of Olives," the festival came to a close. We need not discuss the merits of this great work more than to say the Leeds audience were delighted with the change from the severity or sombreness of Bach and Mozart; they enjoyed the oratorio immensely, and felt, when listening to the mighty "Hallelujah," that there at least was music fit to be, so to speak, the topmost stone of a Festival structure. At its close "God Save the Queen," was sung, and with loud cheers for Sir M. Costa and Mr. Broughton, the Memorial Leeds Festival of 1877 ended.

We understand that Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co. propose to found a Musical Scholarship at the National Training School for Music, and also a similar scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music.

"SUBJECTS FOR MEDITATION DURING THE WEEK OF INTERCESSION FOR MISSIONS, 1877."

WE have just received a copy of a little work with this title, already advertised in our columns, and have much pleasure in recommending its use. It has been compiled by the Rev. Canon Brigstocke and the Reverend Theodore E. Dowling.

It furnishes for private and family devotions subjects for meditation, together with prayers, selected passages of Holy Scripture and hymns chosen from Church Hymns, Hymns A. and M. suitable for the week of Intercession. The subjects are well chosen, and appropriately arranged for the different days. Thus, there is for the first day—St. Andrew's Day—"General Intercession for Missions" as the subject. On Saturday, "The Divisions of Christendom, one great obstacle of Missionary work." On Sunday, the first in Advent—The hastening of Christ's Kingdom, the increase of the Ministry, the sanctification of the ministry, the native ministry in heathen lands, the war in the East, in relation to the extension of Christ's kingdom, and the Jews, concluding with a thanksgiving for the knowledge and progress of the Gospel of the Kingdom.

We lately called attention to the great importance of the Day of Intercession, and then suggested that not one day only but a week at least in each year should be set apart for that purpose, and are therefore glad to find that that suggestion may in some measure be carried out by these meditations for a week. We trust that they will have a large circulation and be used as intended.

An increased attention to the subject of Intercession for missions cannot fail to reflect the most salutary influence upon the work to be accomplished at home; and a careful con-

sideration of the greatness of the enterprise the Christian Church has to accomplish will most assuredly bring us to the conclusion that no more time should be lost in this important work, and also that the large demands made on other sections of Christendom forbid us to expect that we ourselves can derive much assistance from other sources than our own.

It may be well to add that the price of the pamphlet is two cents each, or fifteen cents per dozen, postage included, and is to be procured from the Rev. T. E. Dowling, Carleton, St. John, N. B.

PASSED AWAY.

THE Rev. W. Harrison Tilley, M.A., assistant minister of St. James' Cathedral, died at his residence Jarvis Street, on Sunday the 11th inst. He was born in Saint John, N.B. on April 26th, 1844, and was therefore only 33 years and 6 months of age.

At the age of 16 he entered Fredericton, N.B. University graduating in 1864, and taking high honors. From thence he went to Kings College, Windsor, N.S., where he took his theological course and was ordained in the summer of 1867. He was immediately thereafter appointed assistant to the Rev. Canon Harrison, St. Luke's Church, Portland, N.B., where he remained for five years. In January, 1872, he was called to St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ont.

On the completion of the Bishop Cronyn Memorial Church, London, Mr. Tilley was appointed Rector, which position he held until July of this year, when he accepted the position of assistant minister of Saint James' Cathedral in this City, which position he held at the time of his death.

Mr. Tilley's ability was great, and if his life had been spared to us he would undoubtedly have taken a prominent place in the Church. He was a restless worker, ever about the Master's business and never content unless every moment of time was spent in his duty. Even the short vacation which he took before his last illness was spent in work instead of rest of which he stood so greatly in need. His manner was very frank and unaffected, and so kindly that he seemed to win the regard of all he met on first acquaintance. His earnestness and devotion endeared him greatly to the several congregations with which he was connected, and his loss will be felt by hundreds of families as much as if he had been one of their own. He was a strong advocate of temperance and his example and precept have done much to strengthen and promote the cause. His services as a minister of Christ have been most fruitful and it is to his devoted and unceasing labours in the Church that his early death is due. His slight frame was not equal to the work which his active mind imposed on it.

We deeply sympathize with the bereaved relations he has left behind him—his parents, the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick and Lady Tilley; also a wife and three children who have sustained an irreparable loss.

His body was removed to the railway station at 6.30 on Tuesday, from whence it was taken to London, where the funeral service would be performed. The chief members of St. James' congregation accompanied the body to the railway station. The expression of grief at the loss of the Reverend gentleman was very great among all classes.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN HYMN WRITING.

BY C. P. M.

Chapter IV.

THE traditions of classical Latin did not wholly disappear before the eighth century. The Ambrosian or Prudentian hymn in four-lined stanzas without rhyme continued to be the favorite rhythm. The hymns of Gregory the Great, (sixth century) of which nine are given in the first volume of Mone, are undistinguishable in style from those of Ambrose or Prudentius; the Latin is still pure, the metre regulated by the same law as those to which Horace composed verses in the same measure on the beauty and perfidy of Næara. Gregory was indeed of purely Roman birth, rose to senatorial rank, and held under the Eastern Emperor the supreme government of Rome long before he entered the ecclesiastical state. His hymns have the Ambrosian simplicity. One of them, translated by Dr. Neale, and altered considerably by the editors of Hymns A and M, appears in that hymnal as "*Father of Mercies, hear.*" In the same metre are the hymns attributed to the venerable Bede, (seventh century,) those unrhymed in Ambrosian metre being the only ones that appear genuine. These consist for the most part of long paraphrases of Scripture history, and are interesting as setting before us the pious labor of the Anglo-Saxon teacher. Poetical merit there is none. Bede was one of those pioneers of English literature whose influence cannot be measured by anything that remains of their work. His Anglo-Saxon poems, translations, and chronicles did much to fix the fluctuating favor of English speech. His Latin hymns of course were only addressed to the cloister, which was then the centre of social, political and intellectual life—the library, the club house, the Scientific Association of those times. Here too the works of Bede won high rank. Of the many Latin hymns of Bede which have found their way into use in the Western Church, two translated by Dr. Neale are in Hymns A and M: "A hymn for Martyrs, sweetly sing," (*Hymnum Canentes Martyrum*) and "The Great Forerunner of the Morn." (*Præcursor altus luminis.*) Both are in the metre of the original with the addition of the rhyme. The legend is well known by which Bede's peculiar title was bestowed, the unfinished epitaph

Hic jacet in fossa
Bede ossa,

being miraculously filled up by the word "Venerabis," so that Bede henceforth bore the style and title of a modern Archdeacon! But the veneration of those who value Christian lyric poetry for the author of the hymn to the Innocents needs no *deus ex machina*.

Europe was now entirely revolutionized—the Lombards in Italy, the Franks in Gaul and Germany, the Saxons in Britain, had overthrown the old Roman law and language. Latin, which, in the time of Venantius Fortunatus, was still the spoken and written language among the higher rank at least of the laity, had become a monastic and sacerdotal speech. Still in the eighth and ninth centuries the leading writers cling to the metres of the Augustan age of the Latin poetry. PAULUS DIACONUS (eighth century) has left two long poems in tolerable Sapphic verse on St. John the Baptist. This writer has left a history of the Lombards which is praised by Gibbon. (Decline and Fall, chapter xlv.) Rabanus Mamus (ninth century) was like many of the Church's best hymn writers—of good family, and received the best education the time could afford at the great monastery of Fulde. The word "monastery" gives but a feeble picture of one of those centres of literary ardor. The literary and religious life, since so widely separated, were then identical. The nonexistence of printing and the necessity of copying deepened the intensity with which men studied what authors they possessed. The streets of the town and the open spaces within the monastery were crowded with the tents and temporary dwellings of students—all the life of society was drawn in the direction of study. Robanus studied at Tours under Alcuin, the friend of Charlemagne, and died Abbot of Fulde. It is to the credit of the Christian spirit surviving even in the Church of that dark age, that if Saint Rabanus appears in her calendar it is not that he has left six ponderous tomes of theology, but because in a time of grievous famine, such as often occurred the middle ages, he devoted all his substance to feeding the poor, and so is said to have saved hundreds in the village of Winzel, where he died Feb. 4, 856. His poem "On the Holy Angels" is well rendered in the "People's Hymnal." It is in classical Sapphic verses, but its angelology, which is that of Dionysius the Areopagite, makes it unfit for use in a Church which recognizes the authority as to angel worship, of the text, "See thou do it not."

The hymns of Odo of Cluguy (ninth century) are in rhyme with some remains of the classical metre. They have scant poetical merit. One other writer of this age, Theodulph, (ninth century) has left a hymn in classical measure—hexameter and pentameter—of which a pleasing translation (in a different metre) by Dr. Neale is given in Hymns A and M:

"All glory, laud and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Their sweet hosannas sing.

This singularly beautiful poem was written by Theodulph in prison, where he lay, having come under the displeasure of the Frankish Court. On Palm Sunday as the Emperor Louis was passing by the prison on his way to church, the singing of this hymn by Theodulph and his choir of boys attracted the attention of the Emperor and procured the author's release. As in that barbarous age unusual literary culture was still regarded as

a claim for church preferment, Theodulph was soon after promoted to be Bishop of Orleans, where he died. This hymn has been "on the lips of children" of the Church ever since.

With Theodulph closes the last of the classical period of Christian hymn writing, which the growing tendency to rhyme and accent rather than quantity was now modifying more and more. The hymns of the later writers, such as Theodulph and Rabanus, were written in an ecclesiastical and literary dialect, no longer like those of Prudentius, Ambrose and Gregory, in a language "understood of the people." The hymns of the great St. Gregory were the last words of vernacular Roman poetry.

(To be continued.)

Diocesan Intelligence.

NOVA SCOTIA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Mr. Fallows is lecturing in Halifax, assisted by two preachers named Windeyer and Brown, on the *Distinctive Features of the Reformed (?) Episcopal (?) Church (?)*. May God forgive them if they add a new schism to the manifold denominations in that city!

CANON TOWNSHEND, M. A., Rector of Amherst and R. D., preached at the 4 p. m. choral service in the bishop's chapel, Halifax, on Nov. 4.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, WINDSOR.—This school removed into its new building Nov. 3. We hear the Rev. C. E. Willetts, M. A., had 44 boys in attendance, and that the number is like to increase.

The Church of England Temperance Society held its annual meeting in Argyle Hall, Halifax, on Monday, Nov. 5, and on the following evening a public meeting was held at the same place, the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop in the chair.

The Ruri-decanal Chapter, comprising the missions in Guysboro, Antigonish, and Richmond counties, contains but few members, who are removed long distances from each other. The extreme limits of the Chapter are more than one hundred miles distant. In consequence of these difficulties, which although passing and external, yet cannot be surmounted without mutual forbearance and courageous perseverance, the meetings of the Chapter are not frequent, and the attendance at the best is but small. But these periodical conferences are found to be enough and more than enough, to cheer and refresh the minds and hearts of both clergy and laity, especially invigorating and stimulating them in their spiritual life.

The meeting of the above Chapter, intended to be convened on the 21st of Oct. in the mission of Arichat, was a failure as regards the attendance of the clergy, there being present besides the Rector, the Rev. F. M. M. Young, but one member, the Rev. A. C. Macdonald, of Bayfield. The Dean was, we believe, unavoidably absent. However, the suggestions long entertained by the Incumbent of the parish, that deanery meetings should comprise as one of their objects real, hearty, evangelistic (not the perverted evangelism of ultra Protestantism) and protracted services for the benefit of the parish in which meetings of the Chapter should from time to time be held, found expression and character in this case. The service began on Sunday morning, and was followed by the Sunday School visitation in the afternoon. Then came the hearty evening service. Monday morning service came next, at which there were good congregational singing and hearty responses. Morning prayers and sermon were followed by the administration of the holy communion, the celebrant being the Rev. Mr. Macdonald. The inclement weather kept many

of the country people, who usually travel eight and ten miles to the services, away, but of those present a large proportion remained to feed on the Bread of Life in the Holy Sacrament. Monday evening was still more noticeable as indicating an earnestness, on the part of the people, to worship God and to be instructed, as a goodly congregation came out on a most disagreeable night. Tuesday evening brought the series to a close, with a conscious feeling on the part of all, that it was good for them to have been there. The preacher at all the services was the Rev. A. C. Macdonald. His addresses will, we hope, be long remembered.

It is pleasing to record that a good church feeling prevails in this parish, and that there are indications of the desire of the people to aid in promoting the cause of God and His Church. Several alterations have been lately made, so as to make the church building more suitable for the glorious object for which it was consecrated. The old pews, with their doors, as if entrance into them were difficult and only obtained on the payment of an admission fee, have given place to the modest and more churchly seat, with its wide and open entrance, comfortable for standing to praise, sitting to hear, and kneeling to pray. Other improvements have been made, and more are desirable, this feeling being earnestly entertained by the Incumbent. Not the least desirable would be the setting up, which should be the central object in all churches—symbolic of sacrifice—the Lord's table in place of what is now its substitute. It should not be forgotten, in this account of the services, that the organist, for one so young and having taken her place only a few months ago, performed her part well. Let us hope that these services, as all the services of this parish, shall be owned and blessed of God. Let us hope that none of the kind-hearted parishioners of St. John may, for the sake of gaining to day, throw away to-morrow for ever. Be it theirs to fasten their thoughts, not on the passions and parties of the brief to-day, but on the hopes of the long to-morrow. The day, the year, may belong to the destructives and the partizans, but the morrow, the coming century, belongs to the comprehensive, discriminating, all-embracing, Catholic Church, which have the promise not of this present time only, but also of the times which are yet to be.

"Come, my friends—
Souls that have taught and wrought and thought with me,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."

FREDERICTON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Anniversary Services.—The St. John Sunday-school Association held its anniversary services on the Festival of All Saints. The morning service with sermon, and the celebration of Holy Communion was at St. John's church. Evening prayer was said and a sermon preached in St. Paul's church, Portland.

Lotteries.—One of the means used to erect the Academy of Music, destroyed by last summer's fire in St. John, was a "Grand Lottery." Now it is proposed to re-erect it in the same way. The *Daily Telegraph*, however, one of our leading papers, has declined to advertise the proposed scheme. This is a very admirable course for a secular journal, and has drawn forth the following letter, which will be heartily greeted by churchmen, from Canon Brigstocke:—

The Lottery Business.

Sir,—As a rector of a Church in this city, and therefore greatly interested in and responsible for the increase of true religion, I beg to thank you for the stand which I see by your issue of the 30th you have taken against lotteries, so far as to decline advertising them in the columns of your paper. By the very nature of their machinery they unquestionably form one of the greatest hindrances to religion, and as such are fraught with incalculable mischief. I trust your example will be followed by the whole press of the continent. Such a course would do much to lessen the evil they propagate.

Yours obediently,

J. H. BRIGSTOCKE,

Rector of Trinity Church.

"Week of Intercession."—The fourth annual issue of "Subjects for Meditation during the Week of Intercession," for 1877, has just appeared, compiled by Revs. Canon Brigstocke and T. E. Dowling. Instead of a simple sheet, as heretofore, this issue is in the shape of a convenient pamphlet of twelve pages, of which eight pages are devoted, one to each day, in the octave of Intercession. The whole is admirably arranged, and tastefully printed with red letter borders, headings and capitals. The subjects are:—

St. Andrew's Day.—Nov. 30. General Intercession for Missions. Saturday, Dec. 1. The Divisions in Christendom one great obstacle to Missionary Work. First Sunday in Advent, Dec. 2. The Hastening of Christ's Kingdom. Monday, Dec. 3. The Increase of the Ministry. Tuesday, Dec. 4. The Sanctification of the Ministry. Wednesday, Dec. 5. The Native Ministry in Heathen Lands. Thursday, Dec. 6. The War in the East in relation to the extension of Christ's Kingdom. Friday, Dec. 7. The Jews. The following is the page devoted to St. Andrew's Day, and illustrates the arrangement of each subject:—

St. Andrew's Day, Friday, November 30.—General Intercession for Missions.

"Ask of Me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."—Psalm II. 8.

O Almighty God, Whose dearly beloved Son, after His resurrection from the dead, did send His Apostles into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature; hear us, we beseech Thee, O Lord, and look upon the fields now white unto harvest; bless those labouring for Thee in distant lands, and prosper Thou their handiwork; send forth more labourers into Thy harvest to gather fruit unto life eternal; and grant us grace to labour with them in prayers and offerings, that we, together with them, may rejoice before Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Read Psalm LXII. 8-12. Isaiah LIII. 14-15. Isaiah LXV. 1. Malachi I. ii.

Hymn: Church Hymns, No. 294. Hymns A. and M., 359.

On the last two pages is a form of Thanksgiving for the knowledge and progress of the gospel of the kingdom, to be used daily in private and household devotions.

The editors deserve our thanks for so excellent a guide and help for the devotions of Intercession Week; and their work merits a wider recognition than the Diocesan one which it has.

KINGSTON DEANERY.—Local church news from the Diocese of Fredericton will not be uninteresting to many of your readers, and as it is not very often that we have anything from the ordinary routine of missionary work in the country, I venture to trouble you with a short account of a meeting of the Deanery of Kingston which was held in Sussex last week. On Wednesday, 31st of October, eight out of the fourteen clergy who comprise the Deanery assembled at the rectory for a meeting in Chapter. In the absence of the Dean Rural, the Reverend Canon Walker, who has previously filled that office, was called to the chair. The meeting was formally opened with prayers and hymn singing; and, after the dispatch of some preliminary business, chapter xvi. of the Book of Revelation was read and discussed. After this a very excellent paper was read by the Reverend B. Shaw, which was so well appreciated by the brethren present that a unanimous desire was expressed that it should be printed. The subject of this paper was, the "Efficiency of Prayer." If it is in your power without infringing on the columns of the *CHURCHMAN*, we should feel honoured by its appearance in that paper. Next in order came a very valuable paper on "Church Music," read by the Reverend F. Partridge, which was well received, and caused quite a long discussion, which is, I think, the chief end and aim of such papers. When the discussion came to a close the Chapter adjourned till the following morning at 10. At 8 p. m. evensong was said in Trinity Church, which is hard by the rectory, "Brightly gleams our banner" having been sung as a processional hymn. After evensong, two addresses were given, one by Revd. F. Partridge on "Retreats," the other by Revd. S. J. Hanford on "Individual Efforts." On the following day, being All Saints Day, the Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 a. m., at which about

thirty-five persons were present. The offertory at this service and at that of the previous evening, was given to the Missions in Algoma. At 10 a.m. the clergy met in Chapter again, and after making the necessary business arrangements for their next meeting, a paper was read by the Secretary which had been forwarded by an absent affiliated member of the Deanery, the Rev. J. R. Campbell, on a "Proposed Choral Union for the Diocese of Fredericton." The subject of this paper was left over for discussion at the next meeting of the Deanery, and the meeting adjourned at 12 noon, after a hymn had been sung and prayers said. Thus ended a very enjoyable and profitable gathering, which I think everyone who was present would gladly have seen prolonged; and I am sure nobody could have said that we met together simply to talk and enjoy a good dinner, which is sometimes said of clergy assembled in Deanery.

November 5th.

DEANERY MEETING.—A meeting of the Fredericton Deanery was held in Oromocto on the 23rd of October. There were present the Rev. Messrs. Simonds, Alexander, McKiel, Carr, and the Rural Dean, Rev. G. G. Roberts. At the morning service Rev. R. Simonds, Rector of the parish, was celebrant, and Rev. F. Carr preached an excellent sermon on the words "Thy Kingdom come." At the subsequent meeting for mutual edification I Timothy, chapter vi. was read critically, and gave rise to many interesting discussions and instructive comments. The Rev. W. Jaffrey, who was to read a paper on "Helps and Hindrances to the work of the Ministry," having been unfortunately prevented from attending, the subject of a Theological School for the Diocese was introduced instead, and favorably considered. At the evening service the Rev. W. LeB. McKiel gave an account of recent progress in the foreign mission work of the S. P. G., for which society, collections were made at both services.

The next meeting is to be held at Fredericton on the Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul. G. GOODRIDGE ROBERTS, Rural Dean.

QUEBEC.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

APPOINTMENTS.—The Rev. E. A. W. King, M.A., has been appointed to the mission of Riviere du Loup, *en bas*. The Rev. T. Blaylock, B.A., to the mission of New Carlisle. The Rev. James Hepburn, B.A., to the mission of Magog.

MONTREAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CRISTIEVILLE.—On Tuesday evening the 30th ultimo, the Rev. James Carmichael, of St. George's Church, Montreal, gave a very interesting lecture on the Turks, and the position occupied by the armies at the seat of war, etc.

FROST VILLAGE.—Christ's Church here has lost one of her best pillars in the death of the late John Williams, Esq., who died on the evening of the 19th ultimo, after a short illness. Mr. Williams was for many years a member of the Synod, as the representative of his Church.

KNOWLTON.—On the 28th ultimo the Rev. R. Lindsay, Rector of St. Thomas Church, Montreal, and former Rector of this place, preached in St. Paul's Church, welcomed by his old friends.

ONTARIO.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following further offertories and subscriptions on behalf of the family of the late Canon Preston. Offertories:—Carleton Place, \$22.50; Pittsburg and Storrington, \$8.68; St. Thomas, Belleville, \$50.16; St. John's, Bath, \$6.56; St. James', Kemptville, \$13.40; St. Peter's, Brockville, \$50; Amherst Island, \$11.50. Subscriptions: Rev. Canon Jones, \$5; Rev. J. Halliwell, \$2. Previously acknowledged, \$146.51; total, \$316.31. He has also received a further

sum of \$15 from members of the Clergymen's Mutual Insurance League, making \$200 from this source. Further offertories and subscriptions are solicited.

TORONTO.

SYNOD OFFICE.—Collections, &c. received during the week ending November 10th, 1877:

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.—*October Collection.*—Albion and Mono, St. John's, 56c.; Ballycroy, 58c.; Mono Mills, 70c.; St. James', \$1.05; Perrytown, \$2.48; Elizabethville, \$1.10; Clarke, \$1.09; Aurora, \$13.20; King, \$9.50; Newcastle, \$30.25; (Cavan) St. Thomas Church, Millbrook, \$8; St. John's, Cavan, \$2.50; Holy Trinity, Cavan, \$1.98; Christ's Church, Bloomfield, \$2.07; Lindsay, \$46; Whitby, \$16.15; Seymour, \$9.25; Percy, \$1.75; Orillia, \$22.60; Port Hope, Trinity College School Chapel, \$9.20; St. George's, Toronto, \$91; North Essa, Christ's Church, \$1.98; St. Jude's, \$1.44; (Darlington) St. John's, \$14.16; Enniskillen, \$1.84; Cartwright, \$7.10; Whitfield, \$2.78; Honeywood, \$2.50; Elba, 52c.; Apsley, \$3.07; Tecumseth, Trinity Church, \$2.43; St. John's, 96c.; Christ Church, 75c.; Clarksville, 74c. *Annual Subscriptions.*—Rev. Dr. Smithett, \$5; Rev. E. H. Cole, \$5; Rev. Frederick Burt, \$5; Rev. George Hallen, \$5.

MISSION FUND.—*July Collection.*—Clarke (Perrytown) additional, \$1.50; Lindsay, \$10; Cookstown, \$3; Pinkerton's, \$1; Braden's, \$1; Cartwright, \$3.90. *Parochial Collection.*—Lindsay, on account (1876), \$10.

ST. JOHN FIRE RELIEF FUND.—Grafton additional, \$2.

BOOK AND TRACT FUND.—Waverley, for Sunday School Library Books, \$5; St. James's, Penetanguishene, for Sunday School Library Books, \$10.

GENERAL PURPOSES FUND.—Collection at opening service of Convention and Conference at St. James's Cathedral, Monday evening, November 5th, 1877, \$6.75; collection at service on Tuesday morning, November 6, \$2.35.

SHINGWAW HOME.—Sunday School collection from Lindsay, \$1.10.

The Rev. T. Paterson requests his letters and papers to be addressed to him at Yorkville.

TORONTO.—*Military Service.*—The Queen's Own Regiment of Militia marched to St. George's Church last Sunday afternoon to attend Divine Service. The church was crowded, large numbers of people standing in the aisles during the whole service. The regiment looked exceedingly well, and their deportment in church was highly praiseworthy. The Rev. C. H. Mockridge preached an excellent sermon upon the occasion.

YORK MILLS.—On the occasion of her marriage, Miss Mary Osler, daughter of the Rev. H. B. Osler, Rector of York Mills, was presented with a handsome china tea-set, accompanied with the best wishes of the teachers and scholars of St. John's Church Sunday School. Some members of the congregation also decorated the Church very prettily with flowers, coloured leaves and berries, for the day of the wedding, as a pleasant surprise to the bridal party.

GALWAY.—On Thursday last, at 4 o'clock, p.m., a missionary meeting was held at Swamp Lake Church, the Rev. P. Toque presiding. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Smithett and Burt; and in the evening another missionary meeting was held at Graham's Hall, Kinnmount, the Rev. P. Toque in the chair. The Rev. Messrs. Smithett and Burt addressed the meeting in earnest and eloquent speeches in aid of the Diocesan Missions. Miss Maggie Graham presided with great ability at the organ.

DIOCESAN MISSIONARY MEETING.—On Wednesday evening, the 7th inst., this meeting was held in St. James' School House, and in many respects was the most successful one of the kind ever held in the city.

His Lordship Bishop Bethune occupied the chair. Among those on the platform were, Very

Rev. Dean Grasset, Rural Dean Givens, Archdeacon Wilson, Archdeacon Whitaker, Rev. A. J. Broughall, Prof. Wilson, and Hon. G. W. Allan. Rev. Archdeacon Whitaker opened the proceedings with prayer, after which the hymn "O Spirit of the living God" was sung.

His Lordship, in a brief address, introduced to the audience the two distinguished prelates from the United States. He complimented them on the attention they had given to matters affecting the welfare of the Indians of their native country, and hoped that they would receive a gratifying reception. (Applause.) He had much pleasure in calling first upon the Right Rev. Bishop Hare.

Right Rev. Bishop Hare said that when a man started from Philadelphia into the interior of the country and touched upon the immense sheets of water which were to be found there, and saw the number of people that lived there, he felt that he had been living all the time before as on the rim of a plate, and he was just getting down to its centre. The impression grew stronger, if he may have thought—as Americans sometimes would think—that his own people were the greatest on the earth, and when he came to realize the fact that they were but a fraction of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that he himself was among brothers of the same race in whom there was something in tone and manner, and which told how they were Englishmen—(applause)—and any one who had been to good old England as he (his Lordship) had, and had had his thoughts turned by natural steps to Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, India, and then back again to this New England here, could not help feeling that great as the United States was with its forty millions of Anglo-Saxons, it had a population which was but a small portion of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, with its hundred millions of people, the most enterprising and intelligent on the face of the earth, and all speaking one tongue. Was there ever such a thing as that in the history of the world? Far more than any other race the Anglo-Saxon race was flushed with the sense of its success. The success on the American continent, rich in undeveloped resources, invited abilities and enterprise, and the story of the brilliant successes of the men who had worked and won kept the energies perpetually stimulated. There were many tender hearts and tender bodies, and yet our Anglo-Saxon race rushed like the charge of a cavalry regiment, in which from the momentum of the whole, each individual was so helplessly carried on that the father found himself running down and trampling his own child who had strayed in his way, while at the same time his heart leaps to his throat to shield that child from impending danger. Our Anglo-Saxon race was a great race for success, and there was danger that this success would drown the cry of the unsuccessful for help. There was a danger in our tremendous energy and enterprise of unconsciously siding with the brute unintelligent forces of nature. There was a danger of the intelligent men and women whom God had placed here to be his vicegerents controlling by brute force, and siding with the thunder, the lightning, the hailstorm, and the earthquake. There was a tendency to crush unsuccessful human nature, and say, "I care not for you; take care of yourself." There was a tendency to have a disgust for the less successful members of the body politic, such as the negro and the Indian. The tendency of what was sometimes called the hard business-like common-sense of the day, was to say of such people, "You never can make them productive members of the body," and to cease effort in that direction and allow a deadly gas to settle like a paralysis upon every tender charity. The popular and current philosophy recklessly declared regarding such people, "They are the victims of nature; the weaker must go to the wall." In other words, hard, business-like common-sense, as it was called, consigned vast numbers of people to a sort of slaughter, and philosophy erected her tribunal, summoned their cases before her bar, and brought in a cold-blooded verdict of "justifiable homicide." These hard men of common-sense and business said: "They are victims of nature; they were meant to go to the wall, and therefore we should help them to go to the wall." They said, "This is the tendency; tendency is another name for law; what is law must be loyal and right, and therefore we should help that law." If this prin-

ple were carried out in our families it would mean that when a mother saw her little child, in its anxiety to pluck the flower from the trailing vine, leaning over and about to fall from the window to the pavement below, she should say, "That is the tendency; the child losing its balance and falling obeys the law of gravitation; that law is supreme and universal, and therefore I must let it fall." But God had given man muscular forces, by means of which he could grapple with that law of gravitation, and in the same way were forces given to grapple with the question of non-successful people. Who were the non-successful people? There were those who were sent into the world with disease, and those on whom disease had come while they were in the full tide of their success, which had laid them low and prevented them from ever again taking part in the great rush of business life with which they once kept pace. Then there was the numerous class who fell behind in the race of life because of orphanage and widowhood. Then came the idiotic and the insane. And then that larger class still, the constitutionally inefficient class—(laughter)—people who were full of love, joy, peace, long suffering, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance and charity; and yet they lacked that quality of effrontery or good judgment, or that hardness of heart which enabled people to over-reach their brethren, and in consequence could not manage to make their way in life. (Applause.) They sprung up in the noblest and sweetest of families. Then there was a large class of children who came into this world and drew out of the hearts of their parents and friends powers of love and charity of the highest quality, and died before they were seven years old. They never returned one iota of what was expended on them, and "what glorious non-successes these little ones were." (Applause.) Then there was the great race of men, the Malays and the negroes, four millions of whom were in the United States. There were also the Indians—90,000 in Canada, 300,000 in the United States. One had only to review the case of the Indians to come to the conclusion that these poor people were being thrown off as mud was thrown off from the revolving wheels of a passing chariot in the street. Men were not meant to throw in their power with the earthquake, the whirlwind, and the thunder-storm, and say in the crash and rattle of the storm, "I care not for you; take care of yourself, and get out of the way as well as you can." No, what was wanted was the better philosophy of Franklin, who tapped the thunder-cloud and made his kite a sluice for its wrath, so that human nature could sit peaceful and unharmed in the crash and rattle of the storm. The philosophy that was wanted was the philosophy which learned the laws of combustion and prevented fire from burning out our houses, while we made it bake our bread. (Applause.) An intelligent philosophy which instead of bowing servilely to the dictum of the philosopher who said, "You cannot by prayer make water run up hill," immediately went to work, invented a syphon or a pump, and made the water run up hill. What was wanted was not the love of mere enthusiasm of success, but the love of Him who proved himself able to meet the desires of all nations, because He did not love the enthusiasm of success, but, as some one had well written, the enthusiasm of humanity. (Applause.) What was wanted was life, enthusiasm, humanity—the humanity of the Master who spoke so kindly to the woman at Jacob's well, and who pitied the woman, whom many now-a-days would crush. The Twelve Apostles, were they gentler men? No, they were rough men who never would make their fortune as the world goes, and when He took their case in hand they said things which made the ears of the world tingle now. The thief on the cross would never have been a successful member of the body; he had plundered, but he was now in Paradise; and the beggar Lazarus, who crouched under the frown of the rich man, was also in Paradise. What did all that mean? It meant that these facts were mountain tops in the Saviour's life, and when the disciples came to Him flushed with success, and asked who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven—because they looked for a worldly kingdom—what did He say? Never did He pile argument upon argument, rebuke upon rebuke, as He did then. He took a little child and

set it up amongst them, and said he that would humble himself as a little child should be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven. Then He went driving on—so to speak—saying that whoever offended one of the little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were placed about his neck and he were cast into the middle of the sea. The Saviour then showed what He meant by the little ones. He did not mean people little of stature or in years; but those of little success—as the world would say. And, he said, the Son of Man had come to save the lost, and there would be no sequence in the argument unless he meant by these little ones, the unsuccessful people in their temporal lives. And He wound up with this: "For it is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish." To his (his Lordship's) mind the Indians were little ones and non-successful people—inefficient—"constitutionally inefficient"—people, if that phrase would suit better. But the question was, were they not people with human blood in their veins? Were they not creatures for whom Christ died? His Lordship proposed to illustrate one point in this connection, viz.: that whatever an Indian might lack he had the essential attributes of a man. If he were to ask for some attribute in which he was supposed to be lacking, some one might reply, "natural affection," "love of parents, love of children, love of brothers and sisters." In answering this point he would draw illustrations from the tribes among which he laboured. He referred to the Sioux, probably the wildest on the continent. Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, and Spotted Tail were among them. Concerning these Sioux, nothing was more striking to him than their natural affection. The man and wife might be seen going to the grave of a child for six months or a year after its interment rehearsing the virtues of the deceased, and rending the air with their wailing. He would never forget seeing, only a short time ago, an old man and his wife in the grave yard mourning in their *lululutor*—he knew not what else to call it—or *alulululu*, *alulululu*. He felt how deeply that man and woman felt the loss of their child. But what about conscience? Had an Indian a conscience? Some years ago he went to see the Indians in one part of his diocese, and when in a tent Red Cloud came up to him and said, "My friend, you are white and I am red; there is one sky over us all, one God can see all, and let there be no lies told here today." (Applause and laughter.) There was a world of significance in that. No lies were to be told between man and man; it was the same thought that was expressed by the Apostle, "Lie not one to another, for ye are members one of another." Was there not conscience in that? Some one else might say, "How about sense of God?" Had an Indian sense of God? Now one characteristic of the Indian life was what was called by some superstition. What was superstition but religion a little bit twisted? (Laughter.) Was it to be supposed that when people left this earth and knew eternal truths as they were, that they would, on beholding the glory of the creation they would, on beholding the glory of the creation say, "Oh, I knew it all before?" Not at all. Then we did not know all, and were not our ideas a little twisted? We were superstitious, and it was just the same with the Indians. In this connection he related an incident that occurred to him among the Lower Brule Indians. The chief asked him if he was a praying man? His Lordship replied in the affirmative. The Indian then said, "We Indians have no paper from God, but we pray to God, and when we have something that we think would please Him, like a skin, we ask Him to take it." What struck him (His Lordship) in this, was first the courtesy of the old chief, and secondly, his sense of God. Another incident he gave was, that while visiting the tents of the hostile Sioux, just after they had returned from a warlike expedition, he was sitting down among them, and one Indian, taking his pipe, putting it into his mouth and emitting the smoke, said, "I smoke to God." It was one of the most touching, simple things he had ever beheld in his life. He thought then, and he still felt, that never from Hebrew altar did incense rise more significant of the aspirations of a poor sinning soul than did the smoke from that poor Indian's pipe on the plains of the North-West. Then again, some might say, "Had the Indian the power of reflection

judgment, reason?" Had the Indian thought? He had, but not as the white man, because his thought was the result of training and education. But he had the germ which, under cultivation, would blossom and bring forth fruit. He pointed out that in teaching the Indians they treated them as if they had the ordinary powers of reflection. He found that, practically, when he said to an Indian, "You think one way; I think another; here are my reasons; go and think about them, and come back to-morrow," in nine cases out of ten the Indian would come back and say, "You were right, I was wrong."

An instance of the power of an Indian to reason came over his mind as follows: An Indian desired him to baptise his grandson. He objected on the ground that the parents were not Christians. After a little while the old man said, "I have noticed that the old antelopes about here are very wild and fleet, and our young men can only hunt the young ones down; they do so, and soon the old ones comes nosing around to find the young ones, and the young men can take the old ones. Now, if you can catch these little ones, perhaps you will soon catch the older ones." He baptized the child, and six months after he (his Lordship) was confirming a number in that part of his diocese, and he was told by one who was present, "You caught the little antelope, because you baptized him, you have now the old ones, and you have lain your hands on them." Did not all that show that the Indian had powers of reflection? Some people again said, "How about sentiment?" He called sentiment the result of a good conscience, the aroma which rises from a noble nature, and which made a man do a thing not because it was right, but because his training would not allow him to do other than was right. In that of course there was the result of education and training. The Pawnees and Sioux had been from time immemorable enemies. On one occasion the Sioux attacked the Pawnees, killing many old and young, and resorting to such barbarities as pinning little babies to their mothers' hearts. One Sioux among them was about to cleave a little boy's skull, when suddenly, he dropped his tomahawk, and clasped the boy to his breast, and carried him away to a place of safety. When asked why he did it, he said when he looked into the eyes of the child he could not help thinking of his own little ones at home. His Lordship impressed on his hearers the remembrance of the large number of these Indians who wanted help. In his diocese he assembled every Sunday, for ten or fifteen years, men who had been the wildest in the West. He had Dakotas and Sioux who had been raised up to be ministers to their own brethren. (Applause.) Dakota boys presided at the organ. (Applause.) Dakota boys composed the surpliced choirs. Some Indians travelled a fifteen day's journey to be present at the Church Convocations. He had boarding schools for boys and girls attended by those who had been in their time the most wolfish. He believed that God was calling over all the Indian tribes. He believed human nature very much like strata. The calling of man was not to get into his brother's place; it was to learn to fill his own place well. (Applause.) And if the negro and the Indian were got to fill their places properly there would be an evidence that we were moving, not by brute force, but by the mind of God himself. (Applause.)

The hymn "Greenland's Icy Mountains" was then sung. The Right Rev. Bishop Whipple was then introduced. He was received with loud applause. He said he had no tale to tell of hardships, for the happiest life God ever gave any man was that of a missionary of the Church of God. There never was a man who from the depth of his heart could say "Our Father," that was unwilling to look around and find a brother whom he could lead to the Lamb of God. There were two great facts in connection with this missionary question. The first was that this is a world of sin, sorrow, and death, and there were hard trials for every home. Long yeaas ago he stood in the cabin of a slave that had been stolen from Africa. He looked around him and saw his strange fetish charms and asked what they meant. The slave told him of his poor heart and how he was reaching out to find help. That slave was his brother.

And when he stood in the depths of the northern forest, in the haunts of the Ojibways, the red man told him of the same heart feeling. That red man was his brother, and it was the same the world over. The next great principle was that there was for this suffering humanity a real Christ—a Saviour. And he sometimes feared that in our divided Christianity the questions on which we wrangled were not the questions which lie nearest the heart. The great questions were—and he felt that there could be none working in uncertainty, doubt, and despair regarding them in this Godly city—“Is there any revelation? Is there a guide? Is there a God?” Those were the questions which touched everyone in his humanity. The Gospel of Jesus Christ was not merely a philosophy, not a dogma, but the story of a parson; and wherever the heart was touched with this story the spirit and power of Jesus Christ went straight home. To no nation had God given such a mission as he had to the Anglo-Saxon race. Why? This was a wonderful continent stretching between two oceans, and God had given it from the north to the south, from the east to the west to this race—this peculiar race that would never lose its identity. On this continent, he believed, the Anglo-Saxon race would be more powerful, for good or for evil, than any people had been at any time on earth. And, in making the power one for good and not for evil, a great deal devolved on the Church, with its open Bible and its Apostle's Creed, which was simple enough to be understood by a child, and was the stay and staff of the scholar. What was the Church trying to do in the West? He was afraid Canadians sometimes thought his countrymen boastful people, but he could say although he lived sometime in the West he did not think a Western man ever dreamt of or understood the great problem God was working out in this land. Whilst staying with a noble family in England, he had been asked to locate his home. An atlas was produced, but he could not do it in the atlas produced, though it was a good one thirty years previously. For instance, at St. Paul's at the foot of Lake Michigan, where twenty years ago there had been only 400 people there were now more than 40,000, and in the North-Western territory alone there were 10,000,000 people. Were these to be won or lost to the Gospel of Christ? He could assure the citizens of the Dominion that their territories were filling up even more rapidly than those of the North-west in the early days of emigration, and that along the sunny valley of the North-west might now be heard the tramp of those who were emigrating to Manitoba. There were three things to be done in connection with spreading the gospel. In the first place, was the establishment of Christian schools. He learned a lesson in the establishing of Christian schools on one occasion where he was lost on the prairies with the thermometer at thirty-two degrees below zero. In the stage coach with him was a Roman Catholic priest. He alluded to the misfortune of being lost, and said that He supposed he (his Lordship) did not see the fruit he would like to see from his labours. He admitted that he did not. “Ah,” said the priest, “we take care of the children; and if we take care of the children they will take care of the nation.” Never did a sermon go to his heart as that remark did, and he could say that in three months afterwards he laid the foundation stone of a school. (Applause.) He knew that although it might take twenty men like him to bring that work up to the water level, if the foundation was laid in faith God would find the men who would put on the top stone with rejoicing. The next work was sending missionaries to the border to look after the sheep who went away from the fold. In this connection he referred to the danger of the missionary work in the West, and said that a debt of gratitude was owing to James Lloyd Breck and Bishop Anderson, of Rupert's Land, who with two others pitched his tent as a missionary at the head of the waters of the Mississippi, near the site of the city of St. Paul. In one year these missionaries walked 5,000 miles preaching the gospel to the border people. He was thankful that their mantle had fallen on others—clergymen who preferred work in the North-West to all the wealth that was ever gathered round a Bishop's

See. Having visited the noble University of Toronto to-day it reminded him of an incident which occurred to him in England. He was passing a magnificent pile of buildings, and he asked a workman who was engaged near by who built them. “William of Malmesbury,” was the ready reply. “In what King's reign was that,” he asked. The man did not know. Thus was it seen that the man who had linked his name to Christ's would live forever, while the memory even of a King perished. Eighteen years had passed since he was sent as a Bishop to Minnesota. He was then young and hopeful, and the words of Bishop Hilbert, who laid his hands upon him, “Go seek the outcast,” rang in his ears, and he thought it meant the red man. When he spoke of going to the Indians he was told that they were a perishing race. He, however, made a vow that God, being his helper, he would never turn back from the heathen on the border. He went to Minnesota. The noble Bishop Anderson, of Rupert's Land, was present at his first Diocesan Convention. At that Convention the night was black and cheerless, but the good Bishop gave him hope. He related to him his sending of a clergyman to visit a dying Indian. The clergyman went, prayed with him, and administered the Communion. After that the Indian said he had one great thing to ask the Great Spirit, and that he must ask it on his knees. The missionary told him that if he was lifted up he would die; but he persisted, and when he was lifted up he said, “Jesus that died for me, I give you my boy; make him Thy servant to tell my people of Thy love.” He smiled and said, “He has heard my prayer.” He was dead. The boy was a little one of ten years old then, to-day he was one of the noblest ministers for Christ, and when he preached of the love of Jesus he made him (His Lordship) weep like a little child. He would not allude to the dark side of this question of missionary work; but he would urge his hearers when the great tide of immigration came—and it would come—not to forget, in the noble words of the Governor-General, “our Indian fellow-subjects.” During the earlier years of his missionary work the result was not what he desired; but now he felt that God was lifting the cloud that at first seemed to hover over him. Such an incident as this told of the result of the missionary labours:—One of the things it was desirable that the Indian should be induced to dispense with was the scalp lock which he wore in defiance of his enemies. And the moment the scalp lock was cut off he would never go again on the war-path. He had seen Indians trembling under the scissors which were removing this lock, who would not have trembled at approaching death. One day an Indian who was considered a great warrior, and who never went into the enemies' camp without bringing a scalp, went to a minister and offered to be baptized. As was the custom, before being baptized he had to submit to the removal of this scalp lock. After baptism he was going home, and on the way was met by a number of Indians, who laughed and hooted at him. “Yesterday,” they said, “you were a leader of our people, and to-day there is not a boy who will not laugh at you.” The warrior was broken hearted; he went home, sat down, and began to cry like a child. His wife observing, knew the reason, and said to him, “Yesterday there was not a man who would dare to call you coward; cannot you be as brave for Him who died for you as you were when you went to kill the Sioux.” That advice had the desired effect. His Lordship then asked his hearers if they were aware that the North American Indian was the only heathen who was not an idolator. He believed in the Great Spirit as well as we do; he believed in a future life, and the cry to exterminate such a people was a disgrace to humanity and an insult to God. If a white person were to visit an Indian church he would not perhaps understand one word of the singing except the word Jesus, which was the same in every language, and yet those hymns in the Indian tongue were just as sweet as any that were offered up in the cathedral close at hand. He reminded his hearers that Canada had the noblest missionary jurisdiction in the world, and regarding the Bishops who had charge of that jurisdiction, including Bishop Horden, of Moore Factory, Bishop Burpas, whose home was within the Arctic circle, and who had

never complained of his isolation, the Bishop of Saskatchewan, who resided at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and the Bishop of Rupert's Land, than whom has no grander prelate existed. The stories of the North Western Missionaries would read like the deeds of faith in the Early Church. He remembered fourteen years ago meeting a young Englishman, every inch a man, who was going to Rupert's Land wherever the Bishop should send him. He often thought of this Macdonald afterwards, and, on meeting the Bishop, asked him how often he could see him or hear from him. “Well,” said the Bishop, “there is but one mail a year to him, and if you leave Winnipeg early in the spring of the year, we can reach him about the beginning of October!” This missionary had for ten years been travelling for nine months every year on snow shoes and three months in a birch canoe, and when at last he (Dr. Whipple) did meet him again, Macdonald was going to England to get an Indian translation of the Bible printed for his hundreds of converts. (Loud applause.) The Bishop thought the time was now rapidly approaching when the people of the United States would demand that justice should be done to the Red Man. He would give his hearers one incident as to popular government. One very dark day, years ago, when his diocese was one track of blood, he had called at Washington at the Indian Bureau. Secretary Stanton had said to him, “We know the Indian question is a disgrace to us; but till the heart of the people is touched, and there is a demand for it, the Government will do nothing, when that demand arises, the Indian will be saved.” That moment the speaker believed was at hand and when he looked on his audience and thought of what each might do for Christ, he entreated them not to forget him in their prayers, nor his brother Bishop Hare. It was a working-day world, and if any man gave himself up to the work, God would find him the way. Let them then pray for both in their distant dioceses to give them strong hearts. They also would pray for those who had welcomed them that night, and he trusted that whensoever the Master called them whether at midnight, at cock-crowing. He should find them working, waiting waiting. (Loud and continued cheering.)

After a collection had been taking up and another hymn sung,

Hon. G. W. Allan was next introduced. He said he thought he would be consulting the wishes of the audience if he refrained from making a speech after what had been spoken that evening. He thought he uttered the sentiments of all when he said that they had heard two very masterly addresses, and they should offer the gentlemen their sincere thanks for the great obligations they had been placed under. He alluded to the manner in which the Christian missions among the savages were being carried on, and said that they should all lend a helping hand to them and assist in the creditable work that was in progress. They heard the cries of distress all about them, and should do all in their power to help the suffering. He believed that not only should clergymen but laymen exert themselves in assisting these missions, which would in the end accomplish a great work. On behalf of the laymen present he proposed a vote of gratitude to the distinguished prelates who had spoken.

Prof. Wilson said he felt gratified to be present as a representative of the laymen. While they were welcoming the gentlemen they should not forget the great work they had done in the interests of Christianity. Bishop Whipple was not a stranger in the country, being known as the champion of the downtrodden Indian; as the great wave of emigration passed westward, thousands of red men would be gathered in the west, and it was their duty to civilize all these people. He had mixed greatly with the Indians, and knew that they were intelligent and capable of culture, and they should do something more than civilize them, that they might die. He thought that they should be absorbed into the Anglo Saxon race, which was once as savage as they, until they were civilized.

His Lordship then put the resolution, which was carried amid enthusiastic applause.

After the singing of a hymn and the pronouncing of the benediction, the Assembly dispersed.

NIAGARA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The Rev. C. E. Thomson requests his letters and papers to be addressed to him at Hamilton.

ERIN.—On Tuesday, 23rd October, an entertainment was given in the Town Hall. The weather was all that could be desired, a glorious Indian summer evening, with a full bright moon; and in consequence a very large number of guests partook of the ample and most creditable refreshments which the ladies of the congregation with their usual kindness and zeal provided for the occasion. The remainder of the evening was spent in listening to vocal and instrumental music of a very superior character, furnished by the choirs of Fergus and Orangeville, assisted by the Misses Smith of the Cataract, and some juvenile members of the Erin choir. Occasional readings by Mr. Cremer, of Fergus, and Mr. Galbraith of Orangeville, added much to the enjoyment of those present, and were heartily applauded.

On the Friday evening following, a treat consisting of tea and cakes, with music, speeches and recitations, was provided for the children of All Saints' Sunday School and their friends, which, to judge from the glowing faces of the little ones and their parents, and the loud and oft-repeated applause, achieved a most complete success.

HURON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CONFIRMATION SERVICES.—The number of young disciples admitted to the full communion of the Church by the Apostles rite of laying on of hands, is proof indisputable, were proof necessary, that the commission to "disciple all nations" is being fulfilled in this New World, as it has been in the Old World since the beginning. The great number of young members confirmed in this Diocese in the year now almost ended has been very great. To the number of confirmations that have been reported in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, others are still to be added.

At Trinity Church, Mitchell, on October 20, the Bishop of the Diocese held Confirmation service, when the Rector, Rev. W. A. Evans, had the happiness to present a class of twenty-seven candidates for the laying on of hands. The congregation was very large, the church crowded. The Bishop's address to the candidates was very impressive. He preached an excellent sermon, taking as his text the words, "The Service of Christ."

LISTOWEL—Christ Church.—His Lordship, the Bishop of the Diocese confirmed twenty candidates on Monday evening, October 29, presented by the Incumbent, Rev. H. Cooper. His address to the congregation, especially the candidates for confirmation, on the great importance of the rite, was very impressive and forcible. The unmistakable evidence of the progress of the Church in the parish was very encouraging to the Bishop. The fruits of the faithful labors of the Incumbent are manifest, not in the Confirmation class only but throughout the mission.

GODERICH—St. George's.—On Sunday the 4th instant the Lord Bishop of Huron held a Confirmation service, when twenty-one young members of the Church were admitted to her full communion, by the laying on of hands. After the Confirmation his Lordship preached a very impressive sermon, dwelling especially upon the responsibilities of those who now renewed the solemn promises and vows made in their name at their baptism and who now before the Church ratified and confirmed the same in their own persons, acknowledging themselves bound to believe and to do all those things then undertaken for them. They had now before them youth with all its pleasures, but they should remember that youth imposed upon them responsibilities, for which they would have to give an account in the great Day of Judgment. His Lordship was assisted in the morning service by Ven. Archdeacon Elwood, Rector of the parish, Rev. Mr. Channer, Assistant Minister, and Rev. Dr. Tibbs, of St. Stephen's Church.

HURON ROAD—St. Stephen's.—On Sunday the 4th instant, the Lord Bishop confirmed fourteen candidates. He addressed the newly confirmed, as is his wont, in all love and earnestness.

CLINTON.—Rev. Dr. Wall, rector of St. Paul's Church, Clinton, who has so acceptably ministered in this town, has received a call from Williamsburg, Virginia, and having accepted it, has tendered his resignation as pastor of this Church. The resignation was received with expressions of deep regret, and there can be no doubt that the Rev. Doctor's removal will be seriously felt in the community in which he has become so deservedly popular.—Goderich Sentinel.

WINDSOR.—A vestry meeting was held in All Saints' Church on the 6th, to receive the report of a committee appointed to devise means to pay off the organ debt, etc. The Rev. Canon Caulfield opened the meeting with prayers. It was agreed that subscriptions should be received for the purpose of paying the debt in question, at the offertory on the first Sunday in each month. It was also agreed to increase the rector's annual salary \$240. The salary of the organist, Miss Smith, was increased from sixty to one hundred dollars. It was also ordered that twenty-eight dollars be paid to the late sexton in liquidation of his claim; and the wardens were instructed to warn pew-holders in arrears that their pews would be declared vacant unless the arrears were paid within thirty days.

Correspondence.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

SIR.—Philanthropos, in your issue of Nov. 1st., says, "I must still hold to the sentiments which I formerly expressed," and again, "I must still hold and maintain," and once more, "Let not then, I say, again, an over-reaching zeal," &c. Now, every man is free to hold and maintain whatever he pleases—but iteration and re-iteration will never hammer a fallacy into a truth. And it is a fallacy, a suicidal fallacy, that what is given to so-called "Foreign Missions" is taken away from Home work! Those who collect most for heathen missions know that they rarely, if ever, get anything from men or women whose names are not already in the list of subscribers to their parish and home funds; and the simple fact is, that the money given to Foreign Missions would, for the most part, not be given away at all.

"How is it expedient?" asks Philanthropos. I don't think that is the question, and I don't like the policy. It is a most solemn truth that it was necessary that Christ should die—but it was Caiaphas that found it "expedient."

"Then," says Philanthropos, "let us accomplish [the italics are his] what we have undertaken, before we look for other fields of enterprise." To accomplish, I believe, means to complete. Now, what would have happened if the Apostles had waited at Jerusalem to complete the bringing in of its inhabitants, for fear they should "rob the storehouse whence their own domestic needs were too scantily supplied"? Where would the far spread missions of our Mother Church be, if each parish had waited till its own work was complete before it sent any subscriptions to the S. P. G. or C. M. S.?

Where would be the Western Dioceses of the Church in the United States if the wealth of New York, of Philadelphia and of Boston had been kept "at home" to complete their parishes. It may be said, "they are complete." It was the dream of my boyhood (when, I suppose, I ought to have been listening to sermons far above my comprehension) to be the clergyman of a complete parish, but, in my childishness, I did not then know what I know now, that no parish is complete. The Church, the school, the parsonage, the church hospital, the funds for the poor, for missions may all be there, and you may say, "how complete!" but, while human nature is concerned, there will always be something more to be accomplished.

I am sure "false pride" will as often lead men to "simulate a charity" by giving to the "domestic" as to the "foreign" persevering beggar, but I

do not see even the simulation of charity in imputing "false pride," nor in stigmatizing those, who undertake an office by no means pleasant at all times, as "persevering beggars."

I cannot recognize in your correspondent any title to use the name "Philanthropos"—other than a very limited one—and I cannot but ask whether there is not a danger of Philanthropy (limited) fading gradually into Philatropy.

When I read Philanthropos, the word suggests the Great Philanthropist, "Who so loved us that He gave Himself for us."

"His policy was not one of expediency, but "then said I, lo, I come, I delight to do Thy will, O, my God." There were angels, who fell from His Home, but, in His "over-reaching zeal," He reached over to us men and "took not upon Him the nature of angels."

He did not stop at "domestic needs," but said, "Who is my brother and who are my brethren?" and He stretched forth His hand to His disciples and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren! for whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." I have no space to touch upon the high privilege, of man helping God, nor on the blame on the pastor who keeps back, for lack of opportunity, the blessing of giving from his flock.

D. C. MOORE,
Sec. B. F. M., Dio. N. S.

TEACHERS FOR RUPERT'S LAND OR THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

DEAR EDITOR,—Bishop Whipple in his admirable speech at last night's anniversary meeting, touched the true key-note when speaking of the true success of Missions. He spoke of the great need of educating the children. Whilst in many missionary fields such schools are provided, still much more could be done. The apparent great difficulty is lack of funds. But, to my mind, this is no great difficulty. For instance, we of the laity are earnestly asked to aid missionary enterprises with our money; but are we ever asked to give ourselves to the work?

The great success of Roman Catholic schools is due, in many respects, to the fact that their teachers have no salaries. Now is it not possible to procure such like teachers for our schools? Are there no persons in our Church willing to give themselves to the work of teaching without expecting pay? I think there are. In fact, I know of a man and wife—duly qualified teachers—who would be willing to devote themselves to such a life, to take the vow of poverty; or in other words expect no other compensation but food and raiment. These persons, I know, are willing to go either to the great North-West, or to Rupert's Land—in fact anywhere so that they, in their own spheres, might labour for Christ and His Church. Their names and address may be known upon application.

I remain, yours faithfully,
A LAYMAN.

November 8th, 1877.

WIDOW OF THE DECEASED CLERGYMAN.

DEAR EDITOR,—I believe there is a resolution of Synod to the effect "that on the death of any clergyman within the Diocese the Lord Bishop of the Diocese should issue a circular to every clergyman within his jurisdiction, requesting him to take up a collection at every station within his parish or mission for the benefit of the widow of the deceased clergyman." This was done in the case of the widow of the late Rural Dean Hill; why, let me ask, has it not been done in the case of the widow of the late Rural Dean Cooper? Two months has already elapsed since the death of this esteemed clergyman, and no circular has, so far as I know, been issued by the proper authority.

Yours, &c.,
ALPHA.

Toronto, Nov. 9th, 1877.

CHURCHWARDEN'S AUTHORITY.

SIR.—Authority presumes duty. A churchwarden's duty, according to Rubric, is to "receive the alms," "whilst the offertory sentences are in reading," in the office of Holy Communion. It is also the duty of churchwardens or questmen,

according to canon 90, to diligently see that all the parishioners "duly resort to their church upon all Sundays and Holy-days." Now "a collect, epistle and gospel" are appointed for all Sundays and Holy-days. The duty of churchwardens then presumes that they are themselves present at Holy Communion, and that they cause the parishioners to be present also. The reverse of these duties appears to be indicated by the line of conduct mentioned by "Anxious Enquirer." My action with such a churchwarden would be to present him to the Bishop at his Lordship's next visitation. One word of caution—let all the clergy and laity be careful to elect none but regular communicants to the responsible office of churchwarden. D. C. M.

HARVEST HOME FESTIVALS.

DEAR SIR,—Your paper lately has always had an account of one or more Harvest Home Festivals. How is this? Do not the clergy and the members of the church know that there is a public appointment by the representative of the sovereign on the 22nd inst.? Why cannot the different parishes wait till then? and if the matter is taken up parochially what is the need of the civil proclamation? I suppose that these enquiries, and the strange anomaly, find their solution in the fact that "the powers that be" have, in their arrangement, more regard to the convenience of man than to the claims of God, and the obligations of his intelligent creatures to Him. So the harvest is gathered in, and preparations are completed for the succeeding crop, with some confidence in the promise of Him who said that "seed time and harvest shall not cease," but no note of national praise is heard, no Canadian note of thanksgiving ascends to Him until it suits the business engagements of men to attend to the duty of gratitude. Then, in dull November, when the means of making a Thanksgiving Festival might have passed away, we are called upon to express our sense of obligation for past mercies. Is it to be wondered at that in different localities they muster, before the governmentally appointed day tardily arrives, to enter God's gates with Thanksgiving and His courts with praise, to shew that they are thankful unto Him, and to speak good of His name? Can we expect national blessings, with national neglect of the Author of our mercies? Instead of praise waiting for God in Zion, God's praise waits upon the commercial conveniences of men, and, only when it can be done without hindrance to the plans of commerce, may we

"The strain upraise of joy and praise."
The better way would be for the Synod of the Diocese to take the matter up, and promptly recognize our dependence upon God, and ask the Bishop to name a time, before the bright days of the year have passed away, and as soon as possible after

"All is safely gathered in,"
when we may "Praise the Lord for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever."

LUTE.

Festival of All Saints, 1877.

DAY OF INTERCESSION FOR MISSIONS.

SIR,—It is said that St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30, or the Sunday nearest thereto, is to be observed throughout the Canadian Church as a day of Intercession for Missions and Missionaries. I venture to express the hope that whatever day our Bishops set apart for that purpose will be really and heartily, and not merely nominally, observed by both clergy and laity. I have noticed occasions on which a day of special observance has been almost ostentatiously ignored by some clergy, has been forgotten by others, and been made light of by many. Let us either set apart a day or not set it apart: better not to set one apart at all than to set it apart and then not observe it.

You, Mr. Editor, can do much to prevent the clergy from either forgetting or neglecting their duty on such an occasion. A.

—As iron, put into the fire, loseth its rust, and becomes clearly red hot, so he that wholly turneth himself unto God, puts off all slothfulness, and is transformed into a new man.—[THOMAS A' KEMPIS.]

Family Reading.

THE PENNANT FAMILY.

CHAPTER V.—A BLACK WAIF.

The path by which Caradoc and Michael usually went to school lay over the cliffs and downs. When the tide was out they sometimes walked along the beach, which way, though rather longer, was more interesting to Caradoc, on account of the fossils in the limestone cliffs; for he had imbibed a taste for geology from his master, and was making a collection of the ammonites and other curiosities imbedded for thousands of years in the lias.

It was not, however, the search for ammonites that took the boys around by the beach on the morning after the storm, but the hope of seeing something of the wreck. Their way lay through the wretched fishing-village of Monad, if, indeed, the half-dozen huts it contained could be called a village. It was aptly named—the word Monad signifying a solitary place. It was lonely enough, out of sight of all other human habitations. The miserable dwellings were huddled together on the highest point of the beach, which the sea rarely reached, and were mostly amongst the cliffs, which proved an effectual shelter from the north-east winds. Neither wind nor sea could carry off the odor of fish and pigstyes that pervaded the spot, nor cleanse the fishermen and their families. It had a bad reputation, and people avoided it on a dark night, not only because the inhabitants were said to be wreckers, but on account of many ridiculous stories and superstitions that had probably been promulgated by them to prevent discovery.

The earl had however done his best to circumvent them by building a watch tower on a neighboring height, to give information of wrecks. Although Monad was out of sight of this Twr Aran, or "Tower on a lofty place," the immediate beach was visible to it, and thus arose a constant petty warfare between the inhabitants of the tower and Monad. A wretched little public-house stood in the centre of the huts, which purported to give "shelter to man and beast"—where, neither could have determined—but which rarely, if ever, was known to take a shipwrecked mariner. Nothing was ever heard of such as were unfortunate enough to be wrecked near Monad, though the Pennants and other respectable farmers shrewdly suspected some few sailors, at least, must have been cast ashore alive.

"What have you got there, Davy Jones?" exclaimed Caradoc, as he and Michael reached the bit of sand that lay beneath the beach on which the huts was seated. "The figure-head of a ship—a blackamoor, I declare! What will the earl do with that? Stick up among the antlers in the great hall?"

This was said to an evil-looking man, who was trying to haul the said figure-head up the beach.

"I'll be bound the ship was called *Cleopatra*," continued Caradoc. "I'll ask the master to come down and see it. What else have you got, Davy?"

"Nothing. The earl will be angry enough," replied Davy Jones, scowling at the lads.

"There's Gwylfra lugging in something for you!" cried Caradoc.

The good dog always accompanied his young masters to school, then returned to the farm, and fetched them at the appointed hour. He was with them now, and having espied a dark object beneath a retreating wave, he dashed after it, followed by one or two men who were hanging about the beach. They all knew Gwylfra, and feared him almost as much as the earl, for he would surrender no waif save at command of a Pennant. He and the men together brought in a small chest, over which he mounted guard, until Caradoc and Michael joined him. The men and half a dozen ragged women and children, who had come forth to see the boys, crowded round the box. Caradoc examined a brass plate that was nailed to the lid, and read the name, "Wyndham."

"Perhaps it belongs to the little girl, Carad," said Michael.

"Perhaps it does; but she'll never get it," replied Caradoc. "Look-a-head, Davy Jones!

There's the earl, and Lewis the keeper, and goodness knows who besides!"

This announcement caused the women to scuttle off to the huts, and the men to slink away, as the earl and his followers appeared round a projecting rock. Unfortunately, the boys were compelled to pass them as they made straight for the chest.

"What are you doing here?" growled the suspicious earl.

"We are going to school, my lord," said Caradoc.

"School! Where? There's no school. You all lie alike."

"We go to Mr. Ap Adam, my lord."

You all try to rise above your station, you Welsh. Mind you, if you take Lord Penruddock to the eagle's cliff, I'll make the schoolmaster flog you."

"I shall not take him, my lord."

Caradoc passed on, followed by Michael, but lingered until he heard the earl order his men to carry the chest to the castle, and burn the figure-head for firewood. They hurried to make up for lost time, until they reached a haven between the hills and rocks, down which flowed, or rather dashed, a mountain stream into the sea called the Aber, or "Confluence." Its banks were beautifully wooded with oak and birch, and there was a picturesque path on one side, up which the boys ran. Aran tower stood on an elevated point of the opposite bank, high above the wood. At the top of the ravine, in a lovely nook, was the old church of Llanafen, through the churchyard of which the boys ran, breathless from fear of being late. This church and churchyard were subjects of great interest to Caradoc, who had been initiated into their antiquity by his master. The church had been originally an old British structure, built, it was said, long before St. Augustine preached in Britain. It had been added to respectively by Saxon and Norman, and contained some curious mural paintings, an old Lady chapel, a Norman font, and some strange tombs. It was dilapidated and damp, and more interesting to the antiquary than to the lord of the manor, who neither frequented nor restored it. There was a private chapel attached to the castle, and the chaplain was also vicar of the parish as well as tutor to Lord Penruddock, and lived at the castle. Under these circumstances it is not extraordinary that dissenting chapels increased; for it was well-nigh impossible that the vicar, worthy man though he was, could attend to his pupils and flock. But he looked forward to the time when Lord Penruddock should either be sent to public school or college, or go abroad with a traveling tutor—expenses that the earl delayed incurring as long as he possibly could.

The vicarage house was as damp and dilapidated as the church, and tenanted only by rats and mice, until a Mr. Ap Adam appeared on the scene, and, to the surprise of the neighbors, took possession of it. Hither Caradoc and Michael hastened after they had passed through the churchyard.

The vicarage was rendered picturesque by its situation and the thick ivy that covered it. In itself it was only a small stone house, containing two parlours, a tiny study, and some four or five bedrooms. But it was backed by hills that were almost mountains; it had the cliff, on which stood Aran tower, on the right, from which it was separated by the dashing waters of the Aber on the right; downs on the left; and sea in front. It stood a little above the church, and outside the dingle that enclosed that sacred edifice.

The boys opened a rickety wicket-gate, ran through an untidy garden and a weedy path, passed beneath an old stone porch in which were two broken seats, entered a small brick-flagged hall, where they hung up their caps, and finally appeared, breathless, in presence of their master, Mr. Ap Adam. When they disappeared within the right-hand parlour, Gwylfa quietly turned tail, and retraced his steps to the beach.

"We are sorry we are late, sir," said Caradoc, frankly; "We came round by Monad to see the wreck, and there was the most curious figure-head of a ship you ever saw cast up—a black woman with gold ear-rings and necklace: you said *Cleopatra* was black, sir. The earl says it is to be cut up for firewood."

Mr. Ap Adam looked up from a book that lay before him. He was seated on the top of a deal table, at either side of which there were forms, each long enough to hold three or four boys. There were three lads on one of them; the other was empty, until Caradoc and Michael took possession of it. The open window was opposite the master.

"Cleopatra was not the only black woman in the world, physically or morally, even if she was black, which nobody had positively ascertained," said Mr. Ap Adam; "we know that Antony and other men made fools of themselves on her account, and that we needn't imitate them in that particular. Begin your lessons."

Mr. Ap Adam was a thin slight man, with sharp shrewd features; he wore spectacles, through which peered a pair of keen black eyes, surmounted by bushy black eyebrows; he had on a shabby black coat, but his linen was scrupulously clean. All that was known of him was that he was a scholar and antiquarian, who had visited those parts on account of the rare fossils and curiosities they contained, and had remained, he said, because of the beauty of the neighbourhood. He had fallen in with Caradoc, and, becoming interested in him, had told his father that he ought to educate him.

"We have no scholar near us," said Mr. Pennant.

"I am what they call a scholar, and, therefore, poor," returned Ap Adam; "if I could get six boys, who would pay me ten pounds a year apiece, I would turn a schoolmaster. The terms are high for the country, but I have a smattering of everything—from Homer to Glendower, from King Arthur to King George, from the Deluge to the Welsh coalmines. Will you give me your sons, Mr. Pennant, and help me to some more pupils?"

"Are you a God-fearing man, sir?" asked the farmer.

"I hope so," returned the scholar, reverently, uplifting his hat.

"Then I will consult my father. What is your name, sir?"

"My name? Well, one must have a name: what do you think of Ap Adam? We are all sons of Adam, and the prefix Ap merely states the fact that I am one of them."

"A very respectable name, sir," laughed the farmer.

"You must take me upon trust. All I can say of myself is, that I go to church, and desire to be let alone."

So, as it happened, did Mr. Pennant; and, after a few preliminaries, and a long conversation between old Mr. Pennant and Ap Adam, Caradoc and Michael went to school. They were the first pupils, but before a year was out four others were found. Mr. Ap Adam had now been established three years, and people said of him that "there was nothing he didn't know; and if his scholars had anything in them, he'd be sure to bring it out."

"I hope they have all had the small-pox, then," he remarked, on hearing this.

He had lately lost one pupil, which accounted for the vacant place on the form.

"If you please, sir, I should like to learn English," said Caradoc, suddenly, unable to fix his attention.

"What next, and why?" asked the master, peering over his spectacles. "You know enough already for your needs."

"Because we have a little English girl who was saved by Gwylfa from last night's wreck, and she understands none of us," replied the pupil.

"Make her talk English to you. Nothing like conversation to acquire a language. Begin by pointing out visible nouns until you master the English, and make her learn the Welsh of them at the same time. You will thus kill two birds at one shot. Come to me for the connecting links of verbs and prepositions."

Caradoc was obliged to be content, and to pursue his various studies. Finding him unusually clever, the master did not spare him, but taught him many things that the little world around them deemed unnecessary. Mr. Pennant, however, was well pleased that his son should be better informed than himself, although he was not deficient.

After the morning school was over, the boys went home to dinner, and Mr. Ap Adam wandered down to Monad, and purchased the figure-head for a few shillings, which the fishermen managed to convey to his house. One of the inmates of Aron Tower descended from his height, to watch proceedings; but understanding that the earl had ordered the black lady to be chopped up for firewood, they pocketed Ap Adam's silver, and let him have it. He, as a virtuoso, had a fancy for keeping it, reflecting that, as sculptors have been known to fall in love with the statues they had executed, it was just possible that he might expend some of his latent affection on this, his Cleopatra; far, black as it was, the figure-head was remarkably handsome. He accordingly placed it in an empty room, and locked it up.

But he carefully examined such weekly newspapers as reached him, in the hope of seeing something of a lost Cleopatra, and even sent an advertisement to a London paper concerning it under a feigned name. In those days there was no cheap literature, and penny newspapers had not even been imagined, so Ap Adam, as well as his neighbours, were obliged to be content with *The Welsh Chronicle* once a week, and such information as it contained. None reached them of the ill-fated vessel in question, or, indeed, of any others wrecked on the same notorious coast.

Ap Adam had barely time to swallow his frugal meal of bread and cheese before his boys returned for their afternoon lessons.

"We have begun, sir!" exclaimed breathless Caradoc, who arrived first.

"What—a lighthouse on the Esgair?" asked Ap Adam, whose digestion had been impeded by thoughts of wrecks.

"No, sir; but English and Welsh. Daisy—her name is Daisy, sir—has told me the names for everything we had at dinner; I have learnt most of them, but—"

"She won't say the Welsh, sir," interrupted Michael. "She is as obstinate as a pig."

"That is just what the English say of the Welsh, my lad, when they answer them with a *Dim Saesoneg*—"no English." They say you are as obstinate as pigs, because when language was confounded at Bel, or Babel, your ancestors and theirs wandered different ways, and, in course of generations, a very unpronounceable guttural was transmitted to this part of the world. A fine language all the same, and certainly old, if that is an advantage. There is a Welsh and English dictionary and grammar on the shelf Carad, that you may take to help you; and if you like to bring the child here sometimes, I will talk to her, and so keep up her English."

"Thank you, sir. She is the most beautiful little girl you ever saw in your life!"

Mr. Ap Adam smiled; and Caradoc wondered why his face became suddenly serious and sad.

After lessons the boys returned home over the cliffs. They were accompanied by Gwylfa. They were met suddenly by Lord Penruddock.

"Now, Pennant, show me the eagle's nest," began his lordship. "I have no time to lose; for I have escaped from Mr. Tudor, and he will be as cross as cross keys."

"I am very sorry, my lord, but my father has forbidden me," replied Caradoc.

"Fiddlesticks! I heard him; but you must come all the same."

"I promised the earl also, this very morning," urged Caradoc.

"It is no business of the earl's. I say you shall come—now—at once!"

Lord Penruddock went a few steps towards a beetling cliff that overhung the others, on the summit of which was the eagle's nest, already visited by Caradoc, but the young Pennants did not stir. He returned, and, seizing Caradoc by the sleeve, tried to drag him up the slope. Gwylfa was upon him at once, and, reckless of nobility, had him by the leg.

"Down, Gwylfa! Off, sir! Are you not ashamed?" cried Caradoc, shaking himself loose from Lord Penruddock's grasp, and threatening the dog with his fist.

"You vile brute! I don't know which is worst, you or your master!" exclaimed Lord Penruddock, rubbing the calf of his leg, while Gwylfa growled at him. "But I am your master, and I order you to come with me," he added, to Caradoc.

He was pale with rage, and in part with terror, for he had felt Gwylfa's teeth.

"I cannot go with you, my lord," said Caradoc, decidedly. "My own father and your father have forbidden me."

"Then I will push your brother over the cliff, and tell the earl you set your dog upon me," said his lordship, moving towards Michael, who shrank to Caradoc for protection.

They were not far from the edge of the cliff, and Caradoc saw that the boy was in earnest. He had barely time to place himself between his brother and the precipice before the threatened push was given. It recoiled on the giver, and, but for Caradoc, Lord Penruddock might himself have been over. Caradoc saw the danger at the onset, and, while grasping Michael firmly with one hand, seized the infuriated lad with the other, crying to Gwylfa, "Hold him—hold him fast!" The dog obeyed; and between them they checked the impetus of the movement. It was a moment of imminent danger to all.

"Run home quickly, Michael!" gasped Caradoc, impelling his brother upwards, and dragging their enemy from the brink of the cliff. "Let go, Gwylfa," to the dog.

"I shall not leave thee, Carad," replied Michael, stoutly; and Gwylfa loosed the boy he had helped to save.

Caradoc did not let go however until they were safe on the down amongst the furze bushes. Then he said, as calmly as he could, but with a touch of irony, "I have set the dog upon you to some purpose, my lord. He has saved your life. Let us thank God for it!"

The young Pennants had been taught to give praise to the Lord for all his mercies; and, following not only this teaching but a natural impulse, Caradoc clasped his hands, and added aloud, "We thank thee, O Lord, for protecting us from danger, and pray thee to forgive us our evil tempers, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Lord Penruddock looked on—angry, terrified, surprised, and perhaps ashamed. He was imperious and passionate, but not altogether bad. Gwylfa also looked on, as if he understood the whole proceeding. It was however quite new to Lord Penruddock; for although his tutor's precepts were good, the examples set at the castle were bad. Something in his face, attracted Michael, who was too young quite to understand their difference of position. He crept up to him, and fixing his soft lustrous eyes upon him, said, appealingly, "Make friends with Carad, my lord. I know you didn't mean to push me over—I don't mind."

Lord Penruddock's face softened for a moment, and he hesitated. But pride overcame the transient better feeling, and he exclaimed, haughtily, "Friends! What next? Insolent farmers, I will be revenged for this! You shall not defy the Earl of Craigavon's son for nothing!"

"Come away, Michael. There is Mr. Tudor, my lord," said Caradoc, his proud spirit rising at these words; and so the lads separated.

(To be continued.)

—I utterly repudiate the worldly maxim of "Duty first and pleasure afterward." That is a poor school which does not teach, or a poor scholar who has not learned, how pleasure is a duty, and duty a pleasure. And so the words are one. For what is duty? Simply what is due; and duty done is a debt paid—receipted, cancelled and released. We are too apt in the overflow of life which belongs especially to youth, but lasts, thank God, sometimes into gray hairs—we are too apt to treat it in another way; too apt to dwell upon its hardness, its severe demands, its restrictions of liberty. Learn to look on it, dear children, in the truer light. It is undone duty that is hard; just as a debt owed and paid, has in it a thought of pleasure and relief, of freedom from a haunting shadow which bears down stout hearts with its anxious load. And in its highest reach, your duty is a debt of honor, of gratitude of love, whose payment is all pleasure in the act of paying, no less than in the sense of its discharge.

Children's Department.

A BOOK ABOUT THE BABY.

Now if I could write such a story for you,
What a pretty one it would be—
And the prettiest things they would all be true,
But can I? Ah, you shall see.

So the book about baby must all be new?
No, not one word of it old?
Well, then—why the baby's two eyes they are
blue,
And the baby's one head it is gold.

And the baby has such a red bud of a mouth,
Such a beautiful bit of a nose;
And where can you find in the north or the south
Such queer little pigs as his toes?

Ah, the baby is better than blossoms or birds—
"Or than honey or oranges?" Yes.
And the baby tells tales with the darlinest words,
That mean—what you never can guess.

And the baby believes he's an angel, no doubt,
And wants to go back to the sky;
And that is just what all the trouble's about,
And that is just why he will cry.

And the baby is sweet—from the light on his head
To the dimples that play in his feet.
Now, my book is all new, for who ever has said,
Before, that—the baby is sweet?
—Wide Awake.

"ANYTHING BUT THAT, MOTHER DEAR."

"Mother," said little Estelle, "I think it must have been delightful to be a child when Jesus was on earth. I think I should have been so good if I could have seen His face and heard Him speak."
"I think, Estelle, that you have a better chance of obeying and loving the Saviour than the poor little ignorant children that beheld and heard Him while on earth," answered her mother.
"I cannot understand that," said Estelle, looking puzzled.
"You know, my dear, that the little children who heard Jesus could not remember all He said, and their parents and friends were ignorant and prejudiced, and there were no sweet lessons for the little ones on the Sunday afternoon, from the New Testament then. He was a poor despised stranger among them, a sorrowful and rejected one, Estelle. But now we are privileged to have His precious words and deeds recorded, and read them as often as we like, and the world has had time to learn to love and know Him better."
"I love Him so much, mother," said Estelle, "I would do anything for Him!"
"I pray that you may ever feel thus, my darling," answered her mother; "and then some day when he sees fit to remove you from earth, you will behold His face and listen to His tender words forever in the better land."
The next day Estelle, when about to sit down to her needlework frame, was stopped by her mother, who said, "Don't do that, Estelle, this afternoon. I have such a large heap of stockings to darn that I shall be glad of your help."
Estelle's face flushed, and she pouted as she looked at her pretty, pleasant fancy-work.
"Mother dear, give me anything to do but that! you know how I hate to darn stockings."
"I am sorry, Estelle," said her mother, "that I have to ask you to do what you dislike."
Estelle put her frame away in anger, and sat down with her heart full of rebellious feelings, and her eyes full of angry tears to mend stockings.
Her mother looked at her and grieved.
"Estelle," she said, soothingly, "do you remember a question that Jesus asked Simon Peter three times over?"
"Lovest thou Me?" answered Estelle.
"Yes," said her mother, "and then Jesus told him to feed His lambs and sheep, as a token of the love he said he bore Him."
"Yes, mother," said Estelle.
"But if Simon Peter had turned to Jesus and said, 'Master, command me to do anything but that,' what do you think that would have shown?"
"That he did not love Jesus as he ought," answered Estelle. "He said, 'If you love Me, keep My commandments.'"

"My little girl said yesterday that she loved Jesus so well that she would do anything for Him. He says to Estelle, 'Lovest thou Me? Show it by helping your mother.'"

"It's so hard to have to darn stockings when you don't like doing it," sobbed Estelle.

"Yes, dear, I am sure you find it so, but I hope you will bear your cross bravely, do your duty cheerfully, so that when Jesus asks you the question, 'Lovest thou Me?' your actions may answer more loudly than your lips, 'Yea, Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest I love Thee!'"

THE TWO SOUPS.

"Ah, mamma," said little Gertrude at dinner, "how poor this soup is! Really, it is not good at all, and I want no more of it;" and she laid down her spoon as if it were a finished matter.

"I have not time now, my dear daughter, to prepare another better one, but this evening I promise to give you soup that you will call most excellent and delicate."

Gertrude was a poor woman's daughter, and after dinner she went out with her mother to gather the potatoes that had been dug up over the field. They worked away, putting the potatoes into the sacks, until sunset.

In the evening the mother prepared their supper, and first brought on the delicate soup. Gertrude tasted it, and cried out with delight, "Oh, what a difference between this and that which we had for dinner! This is so good, mamma; you have certainly done your best this time." As soon as she had finished it her mother laughed, saying, "This is the same soup, my dear, that you found so poor at noon, but it is good this time just because you have worked well all the afternoon. Industry gives a good appetite and hushes all complaints." Hunger is the best sauce.

JESUS' NAME.

A little girl, with golden head,
Asked me to read a minute,
"A pretty story," as she said,
"For Jesus' name was in it."

The pleasant task was soon complete,
But long I pondered o'er it,
That Jesus' name should be so sweet
That e'en a child should love it.

Oh! sweetest story ever told!
What tongue would dare begin it,
If it were riven of its gold,
And Jesus' name not in it?

WHAT SOME PEOPLE NEVER DO.

You lie down when you go to bed, you stand up again when morning comes; you sit at your meals; you walk from place to place, and when you drop anything you stoop to pick it up. Your body is made to do all these different things; and you do them very often—most of them probably every day.

But there is another thing of the same kind which your body is made to do; it can kneel. Do you try this posture as well as the rest? Or is this the only thing of the sort which you never do? Alas! there are many sitters, and standers, and walkers, and stoopers, who are no kneelers. Are you one of them?

I do not mean to say that you cannot pray without kneeling. You may pray at any time, in any place, and in any posture. But if you are well and strong; if you can sit, and stand, and walk, and stoop, and yet never kneel, then I fear you never pray. Is this right? Is it happy? Can it end well? Will you not wish some day (God grant it may not be too late!) that you had not lived without prayer?

BAD ACTIONS.

If you put a hot coal into your pocket, it will burn its way out. Ay, and so will a bad action that is hid make itself known. A fault concealed is a fault doubled; and so you will find all the way through life. Never hide your faults.

"GOD IS LOVE."

Look at dear "Golden Hair!"
Papa takes his little hand,
Tracing with joyful air,
Heartfully, "God is Love."

Where, think you, children, 't is,
Golden Hair now doth sing
"Jesus is mine, I 'm his,"
Knowing well God is Love?

On high, with psalms of praise
Held in his dimpled hands,
Shouts he, mid golden rays,
Joyfully, "God is Love!"

ORIENTAL PROVERBS.

TRANSLATED BY BISHOP SOUTHGATE.

Do not contemn God by taking his name in vain, lest he contemn you.

One cannot well know himself, unless he knows his Creator.

Life is a sleep from which man wakes when he dies.

There is no securer refuge than the fear of God. One is more apt to follow the corrupt manners of his own age than the good examples of former days.

Want of good sense is the worst of all degrees of poverty.

Nothing will better conceal what you are than silence.

Sweet words make many friends.

There is no greatness of soul in revenge.

LIMIT YOUR WANTS.

From the nature of things, the income of most of the inhabitants of the earth must be limited, and indeed within very narrow bounds. The product of labor throughout the world, if equally divided, would make the share of each individual large. It is impossible that every one should be called rich, but it is by no means impossible to be independent. And what is the way to compass this—as Burns appropriately designates it—"glorious privilege"? The method is very simple. It consists in one rule: Limit your wants; make them few and inexpensive. To do this would interfere but little with your real enjoyment. It is mostly a matter of habit. You require more or you require less, just as you have accustomed yourself to one or the other. Limit your wants, estimate the cost and never exceed it, taking pains to always keep it inside your income. Thus you will secure your lasting independence. Young men, think of this. A great deal of the happiness of your lives depends upon it. After having made your money, spend it as you choose, honestly; but be sure to make it first.

It fills one at times with a kind of despair, to see how those who profess to regard religion as all-important, subordinate it to almost every other thing in life; how educational accomplishments and choice of pursuit, and friendships and alliances, are discussed and fixed, without this ever coming into serious view.

—At a collection made at a charity fair a lady offered the plate to a rich man who was well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was the curt reply. "Then take something, sir," said the lady; "you know that I am begging for the poor."

—In the old days there were angels who came and took men and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction, a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

—To no kind of begging are people so averse as to begging pardon, i. e., when there is any serious ground for doing so. When there is none, this is as soon taken in vain as other momentous words are upon light occasions.

Church Directory.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.—Corner King East and Church streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m., 3.30 and 7 p. m. Rev. Dean Grassett, B. D., Rector. Rev. Jos. Williams and Rev. R. H. E. Greene, Assistants

ST. PAUL'S.—Bloor street East. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Dean Givens, Incumbent. Rev. W. F. Checkley, M.A., Curate.

TRINITY.—Corner King Street East and Erin streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Alexander Sanson, Incumbent.

ST. GEORGE'S.—John street, north of Queen. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Even song daily at 6.30 p.m. Rev. J. D. Cayley, M.A., Rector. Rev. C. H. Mockridge, M.A., Assistant.

HOLY TRINITY.—Trinity Square, Yonge street. Sunday services, 8 and 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Daily services, 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. Rev. W. S. Darling, M. A., Rector. Rev. John Pearson, Rector Assistant.

ST. JOHN'S.—Corner Portland and Stewart streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Alexander Williams, M. A., Incumbent.

ST. STEPHEN'S.—Corner College street and Bellvue Avenue. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. A. J. Broughall, M. A., Rector.

ST. PETER'S.—Corner Carleton & Bleeker streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. S. J. Boddy, M. A., Rector.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.—Bloor street West. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Septimus Jones, M. A., Rector.

ST. ANNE'S.—Brockton. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. J. McLean Ballard, B.A., Rector.

ST. LUKE'S.—Corner Breadalbane and St. Vincent streets. Sunday services, 8 & 11 a. m. & 7 p. m. Rev. J. Langtry, M. A., Incumbent.

CHRIST CHURCH.—Yonge street. Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. A. G. L. Trew, M.A., Incumbent.

ALL SAINTS.—Corner Sherbourne and Beech streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. A. H. Baldwin, B.A., Rector.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.—River St. Head of Beech Sunday Services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. ST. MATTHEWS.—East of Don Bridge. Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. G. I. Taylor, M.A., Incumbent.

ST. MATTHIAS.—Strachan St., Queen West. Sunday services, 8, 11 & 12 a.m., & 3 & 7 p.m. Daily Services, 7 a.m., (Holy Communion after Matins), & 2.30 p.m. Rev. R. Harrison, M.A., Incumbent.

ST. THOMAS.—Bathurst St., North of Bloor. Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. J.H. McCollum, M.A., Incumbent.

GRACE CHURCH. Elm street, near Price's Lane. Sunday services 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. C. R. Matthew, B.A., Incumbent.

ST. PHILIP'S.—Corner Spadina and St. Patrick streets. Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. G. H. Moxon, Rector.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.—King street West, near York street. Sunday services, 11 a.m. & 7 p.m. Rev. S. W. Young, Incumbent, M.A.

TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL.—Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. Ven. Archdeacon Whitaker, M.A., Provost; Rev. Professor Jones, M.A.; Rev. Professor Maddoc, M.A.

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REFERENCES: The Right Reverends The Lord Bishop of Toronto, Huron, and Ontario.

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DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in giving my approval to the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, as at present conducted; and believing it to be a useful channel of Church information, I shall be glad to know that it is widely circulated in this Diocese.

JOHN FREDERICTON.

F. WOOTTEN, Esq.

HALIFAX, Sep. 6, 1877.

SIR,—While deeply regretting the suspension of the Church Chronicle, which has left us without any public record of Church matters in the Maritime Provinces, I have much satisfaction in the knowledge that the DOMINION CHURCHMAN may practically supply the deficiency, and I hope you may secure a large circulation in this Diocese. Every Churchman should be anxious to secure reliable information with reference to the work of the Church and to all matters affecting its welfare.

I am yours faithfully,

H. NOVA SCOTIA.

KINGSTON, June 24th, 1876.

I hereby recommend the DOMINION CHURCHMAN as a useful family paper. I wish it much success.

J. T. ONTARIO.

TORONTO, April 28th, 1876.

I have much pleasure in recommending the DOMINION CHURCHMAN under its present management by Mr. Wootten. It is conducted with much ability; is sound in its principles, expressed with moderation; and calculated to be useful to the Church.

I trust it will receive a cordial support, and obtain an extensive circulation.

A. N. TORONTO.

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT., May 4th, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—In asking me to write a word of commendation in behalf of your journal, you only ask me to do that which I am glad to do, seeing that I can do it heartily.

The DOMINION CHURCHMAN, under its present form and management, seems to me well calculated to supply a want which has long been felt by the Church in Canada; and you may depend upon me to do all in my power to promote its interests and increase its circulation.

I remain, yours sincerely,

FRED K. D. ALGOMA.

To FRANK WOOTTEN, Esq.

HAMILTON, April 27th, 1876.

I have great pleasure in recommending the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, under the management of Mr. Frank Wootten, whom I have known for several years past, and in whose judgment and devotion to the cause of true religion, I have entire confidence—to the members of the Church in the Diocese of Niagara, and I hope that they will afford it that countenance and support which it deserves.

T. B. NIAGARA.

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